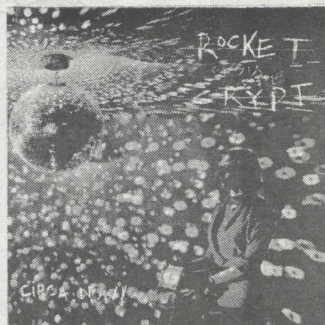
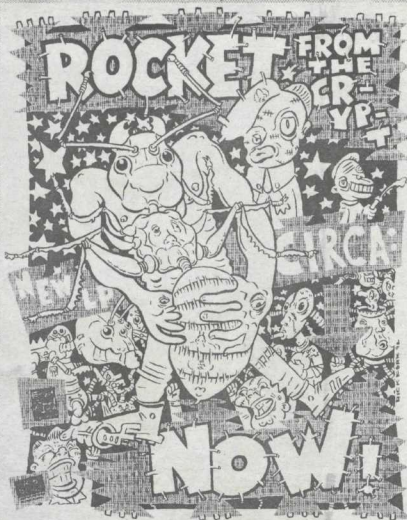


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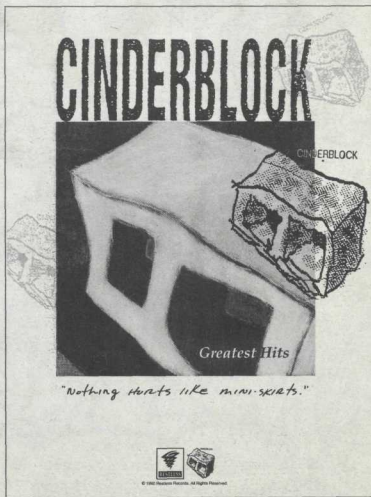
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DECEMBER 1992
ISSUE #119

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COVER

For the 2nd year in a row, Mr. Gary Wildman takes the honours of capturing the yuletide spirit on our cover. Santa, Rudolph, and their posse kick ass at a venue near you...soon.

Print Ed Inc. Ana Da

"Too bad there isn't a bingo station," said Jason scanning the lame fm dial. "We should have a Discorder Bingo Page! People could play at home with their doblers..."

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Deadline for ads and submissions is the 7th of the month. "I'm an editor, not a messiah; commas, not crosses."

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AIRHEAD

Right off the top, RGE congratulations are going out to our production manager, Mark Pilon, and his lovely live-in, Holly, on the birth of their first child. Born was the lovely Emmanuelle Allerga Anderson-Pilon at 11:09 p.m. on the 30th of October. Entering this world at a burly 9 lbs 1oz, look for Emmanuelle as a contender for *The Hulkster* in next year's Summer Slam.

tions are in the process. Early figures have the Pistols reunion at a lucrative \$12 million for the band to do with what they may, but once television rights, publishing and merchandising are figured into this deal you can expect that number to triple.

Coincidentally, heroin has once again peaked in the public polls as the choice drug for a new generation. Irony, what with this

being the drug responsible for the death of Mr. Punk Rockhimself...Sid Vicious. So, Rotten and Co. are in the midst of finding a replacement bassist (original bass player Glen Matlock is out of the picture as he is currently in some litigation with Lydon and his associates); don't be surprised if they find a woman to fulfill the job requirements, though. Even the Pistols can't deny that women in rock have become a force to reckon with, and that "token fe-

is so popular with the bands nowadays could be the ace in the hole for this reunion.

So this leads me to wonder, what could follow in the wake of this reunion? A Sub Pop single (limited edition on colored vinyl, of course)? A Lollapalooza date? A box set? A Saturday Night Live appearance? Whether you welcome or thwart this punk rock revival, and whether or not it actually happens, we'll all be in line for a ticket. Hypocrites? Maybe. One thing is certain, Sid is rolling over in his grave and the Pistols couldn't have been more right when they sang of "No future." No future...indeed!

On final note, Eri Dredge, the Program Director at Boston's college radio station, WMBR, is looking for some input from fans of Canadian alternative-rock artists. It seems Eri and another student, hailing from Southern Ontario, have started up a 100% Canadian Content program and would gratefully appreciate any suggestions/submissions regarding independent artists worthy of

the Beantown airwaves. If you have any suggestions you can contact:

Ert Dredge,
Program Director
3 Ames Street,
Cambridge, Mass. USA
02142
or call: 617-253-4000

OLD SCHOOL

Dear Alrhead,
I know that *Discorder* has been an alternative magazine for a long time, and I feel I have been alternative for ages, but I get really mad when you criticize people who are alternative there are lots, maybe thousands in this city who are different and rebelling against society. I am not a racist, I am not homophobic, I am all in this together. In high school I was picked on by lots of jocks, one halloween I spiked my hair into a Mohawk and went to the dance. I slammed to the Sex Pistols and met a girl named Julie, she know calls herself Sexiouscise after her favourite band. We were the only alternative people in our school, we were the only people who hip. (I know sub-corp would be big). WE go to LuV-a-Fair all the time and they still are at the fore front of alternative music, so...

What's my point, I am alternative, I have earned it, Lollapalooza was for people like me not the idiots who showed up, so join the fight *Disorder*, you are alternative.

Sincerely,
Jason Jekill
Vancouver

P.S. You probably won't print this but at least listen to what I say!

Jason, are you for real? If so, I guess you're pretty happy with this Sex Pistols news, hey? I'm sorry to hear that you're still living in 1979 but my best wishes go out to you and Ju...Siouxsie(sic). As much as we'd like to join your fight for alternativeness, most of our time is taken up with our charity work for the Salvation Army. Know well.

HIGH SCHOOL

Airhead,
Recently, one of favorite bands, D.O.A., came to Vancouver a few weeks ago, but as usual, I wasn't

allowed in because I'm underage. This is bullshit. It seems like everytime a really good band comes to town (e.g. NoMeansNo, Fumaceface) I'm left behind because of some stupid fucking rule that says you have to be over 19 in order to attend the concert of one of your favorite bands. In three years when I will be nineteen, Jello Biafra will surely settle down and stop touring, and D.O.A. will be gone living in some far away place reminiscing about their careers. Sure there will be other bands, but the punk legends will be gone. That's why, Crust Elephant, the Town Pump, and all the other goddamn places which only let in under 19 crowd—FUCK YOU. Alternative should be open for everyone, not just that select group of people that meet the requirements. I don't want to be deprived of my right to go to one

of these shows and I shouldn't be. Alcohol and concerts don't mix anyway. Some asshole always gets sick in the pit and ends up spewing all over the place. You'd want to remember the concert and not just recall barfing all over one of the bouncers. I also get really pissed off when somebody attends one of these concerts, and bitches and complains for some whiny reason. Just be glad you were even able to go! If you don't like it going to these shows, give your ticket to someone who'll appreciate it, not badmouth it the next day. I give to great places like the Nappy Dugout and the New York Theatre my thanks for believing everyone should be able to come and support their favorite bands. I give to anyone who shoves in the Cruel Elephant's shovels like (1040 sucks) any time hell in hell you booze-thirsty, money hungry bastards.

From a guy with a bone to pick,
Jason Bennett
Delta, B.C.

I think the main point eluding you at present, Jason, is your belief that there is a "stupid fucking rule that says you have to be over 19 in order to attend the concert of one of your favourite bands." The law says that you have to be 19 to purchase, consume, or be present in an establishment which is licensed to serve alcohol. The

"booze-thirsty, money-hungry bastards" which you believe run the Cruel Elephant and Town Pump are in the business of turning an establishment which primarily serves liquor. By selling beer and other drinks to patrons, they generate revenue to pay their rent, staff, and other expenses. Bands, whether or not they are original, alternative, or punk rock are hired (at a large extent) on their ability to draw people into the club to spend money on drinks and keep the establishment vibrant. Therefore, cover charges are, generally, in place to pay the bands, promoters, and other costs associated with the musical performance. For the most part, this is a profitable business. There are exceptions, but not many.

Still, the Cruel Elephant hardly scrapes by and all-ages promoters (like the Nappy Dugout) and the now defunct Gext Quest Co-Op) survive on idealism and the motivation of the people who assist in putting on the shows. Wouldn't it be nice if idealism and self-motivation were all that it took to run a club? Just try it and you'll find that bills have to be paid, bands need food to eat and gas in their tank, and eventually the "volunteer spirit" erodes: people go broke and have to face the fact that money is the bottom line; music is a business.

There are some people who have decided to work outside of this system, some successful...some aren't. Did you see the Sparkmarker tour diary last month? A Canadian-U.S. tour with no money spent on advertising or press, and playing all-ages venues, lost the band

\$444.00. This, I think, is an incredible success when you take into consideration the amount of money the band must have spent on gas, food, accommodations, repairs, tolls, etc.. How many bands do you think would continue if they lost money on every tour?

So my conclusion is that your real enemy is either the BC liquor legislation or your own attitude that the world owes you a good time. Why not put on your own show? Phone up your favorite bands (their record company's phone # can be acquired through any city's directory assistance) and ask them to play an all-gas show next time they come through town. Just make sure that you and all your friends go out and support them.

Your last resorts are to either purchase or make your own fake ID, or wait, whining and moaning, until you turn 19 when you can join the rest of us louts who frequent the Elephant and go home at unreasonable hours with a sore throat, bloodshot eyes, ringing ears, and a headache. And believe me, in 3 years, Jello will NOT have "settled down" and DOA, having only moved from Burnaby to East Van, in the last 15 years, won't be going anywhere too fast!

ART SCHOOL

Hey, Airhead...
I'm a little tired of the continual discussions about music and fashion, doesn't anyone look at art anymore?

Why do people go out of their way to spend all their UI and welfare on entrance fee and designer labels when art openings are absolutely free? For instance on Halloween this year I went to a superb free evening of titillating conversation, music that was not loud enough to cause a concussion and a delectable display of costumes...not to mention the art. The drinks were cheap (I don't know how those women made money) and the red wine tasted great.

I went to ARTEMISIA, which is a brand new art gallery at 156 east 7th. It's run by two women who are attempting to supply an alternative to expensive evenings at the movie or overpriced concerts during this depression that we find ourselves in. Apparently they are also adding a selection of magazines and books that are currently unavailable in Vancouver. This latest addition to the art community sits somewhere between SMASH and the GRUNT, two galleries that also offer great modern art at affordable prices. Gone are the days when I drink my gourmet cheese vacuum packs...I'm patting some of it up there. I'm the most good. I'm heading to a small gallery to buy a piece of generation x that I can have on my wall and they won't give me a hang-over!

SUPPORT THE ARTS
sincerely
bo boyle

***Note:** All "Airhead" letters are published as they are received. So, if they read like a piece of shit it's the writer's fault, not ours.

Life with the Family Enndye

[illegible]

Dustin Hoffman, whose name figured large in the advertisement, was not infrequently on stage, in spite of Eysore and the oddly ashy complexion of his concept of taking A.A. Milne's charming spelling error on the stage fronted as "Wol," and turning the character into a veritable wailing Wol, in an elaborate costume of feather edifice of a costume, was a waste of Hoffman's abilities. Forced to utter monotonous lines, the various conflicted characters wept and wailed him, hammering him with their fists, and his own wails. His own a stuffed mockery, a too serious seer.

But the play did not discuss the performance of Julia Roberts as Roo. But I will say that the walk-on by the actress as the character of the Ghost of Pooh is worthy of one comment, that being "The Welles rose



Crazy Nights In The Lap Of Luxury

by Mark Klein

Simon Dowell turned fifteen in the summer of 1988, an occasion he celebrated with his best friend of five years, Evan, at the Riverfront Coliseum in Cleveland, Ohio. The two trekked via, Greyhound bus, from their native Columbus to see Evan's favorite group Kiss play the only Ohio date of their Crazy Nights tour. Not to say Simon wasn't excited by the prospect of a Kiss show, his favorite rock group had always been Cheap Trick, but he and Evan have had a long-running friendly feud over their heroes dating back to 1985. Sadly for Simon, that fateful summer night marked the beginning of the end for his five year clash of the seventies (and, as they would both point out, eighties) titans.

The day started out normally enough, with the two bickering good-naturedly about Cheap Trick's most recent offering The Doctor (already a year and a half old) and Kiss' red-hot Crazy Nights, while the Cleveland Express bus whirled along the I-95. Both records were very "current" sounding, something that made the boys very happy. "Who says Cheap Trick are yesterday's supergroup?" Simon wondered aloud. "These songs pack all the synch punch the Thompson Twins get all the credit for." Evan just chuckled quietly; he knew his friend was on the defensive. Not only was The Doctor Cheap Trick's most uninspired effort to date, it was also their worst selling. When the group had toured the midwest in support of this loser the previous spring, they were lucky to fill a Burger King, let alone a nightclub, while the almighty Kiss were entertaining that night at the enormous Riverfront. Even if some tickets had yet to be lapped up by the heavy metal locals, he knew that by showtime those outstanding bleachers would fill up like a Big Gulp.

"Romance in a Rearview Mirror" came squealing out of Simon's Walkman™ headphones, Tony Plank's abrasive production filling the air. "Fuck off!" Evan yelled, grabbing his buddy's Dream Police fanny out of his hands. Simon laughed and killed the tape, but continued to sing the catchy song only slightly under his breath: "It took just one look..."

"Man, Rick Nelson can't write a new song to save his life," Evan snarled. "And what does Robin Zander know about girls?" The second remark hit especially low, but Simon had a bevy of Paul Stanley-gay rumours to throw back in Evan's face. Inside, however, Simon didn't think of his idols as having any sexual preference at all, with the exception of rock 'n' roll.

When they got to their room at the Comfort Inn late that afternoon, Evan gave Simon his birthday present: a Netherlands-issue cassette of Cheap Trick's 1988 tour-de-

force, Next Position Please, with a different song order and three songs missing from the domestic release. "HOLY SHIT!" Simon shouted in excitement, giving Evan a "half-Y." "Where'd you ever find this? ...Collector's Racket? ...Diamond Joe's?"

"C'mon, let's go to the show," Evan laughed, grabbing a cardigan and spraying a shot of Oscar's For The Man on his neck.

"What's that for?" Simon asked him.

"The ladies, maan! Bees to honey; I got this little wonder from Keith, the center on the volleyball team." Simon blushed and swallowed hard, following Evan out into the hallway.

The show that night opened with a set by Anthrax, perhaps the most unlistenable group Simon thought he had ever heard in his life! While he certainly enjoyed the hard rock genre (Cheap Trick's recent "Man on a tip-o-late" could hardly be called an easy listening song), this stuff was just too terrible to stand, so he was surprised to see Evan rocking his head up and down in beat with the tunes. "You like this?" Simon asked him.

"Kevin gave me the tape last week," Evan shouted back above the din. "It totally rocks, dude!"

An hour later, Kiss took the stage five minutes late with a rousing "Detroit Rock City," straight into "Hell or High Water" and "Bang Bang You" from their latest. "I can't believe they're playing these!" Simon shouted excitedly into Evan's ear just as the latter took a long swig from a semi-hidden flask.

"Want some?" Evan offered. But Simon just gave him a stunned look.

"I thought you came to see KISS?" he yelled.

"What, you think I brought this to read the label?"

Evan laughed, taking another healthy quaff of lukewarm gin.

It wasn't until mid-set that Simon realized Evan was no longer next to him. He didn't spot him again until Kiss was intro-ing "Turn On The Night," their new single and Evan's favorite from the Crazy Nights CD (Evan had just bought a player and even let Simon bring his lone Cheap Trick CD, 1985's Standing On The Edge, over to play on occasion). There Evan was, about six rows down, his fist punching in the air with a scantily clad blonde, possibly a sophomore or maybe even a senior, leaning against him. The next time Simon looked up he saw the two of them weaving their way through the congested aisle towards the exit. "EVAN!" Simon called to his friend, but there was nothing to be heard above Kiss' multi-watt presentation of "Uh! All Night," not to

mention the thousands of Rock Soldiers chanting right along. Simon couldn't believe what he had just seen; Evan leaving a Kiss show early! That girl must be getting him backstage or something.

Simon returned to the Comfort Inn alone after the show, and came into the room to find Evan's bed a mess and the bathroom door locked. "Who's that?" a girl's voice asked, just as Evan walked out to give his friend a big hug.

"Birthday Boy!" he smiled. "Sorry, we left you there, bud."

"Did you get backstage?" Simon asked him, just as the blonde from the concert came out of the bathroom putting a silver spider necklace around her neck.

"Janis, Simon, Simon, Janis," Evan mumbled.

"Hi, Janis," Simon greeted her. "I'm not as big of Kiss fan as Evan, but I thought they were great tonight, don't ya think?"

"Yeah, it was OK, Anthrax was really cool."

"I can't believe they played all that Crazy Nights stuff," Simon continued, "cuz last year I heard they barely did any of Anthrax on the road."

"God, I can't believe anyone listens to Cheap Trick anymore," Janis mumbled, picking up the birthday gift off the night table and just as quickly putting it back down.

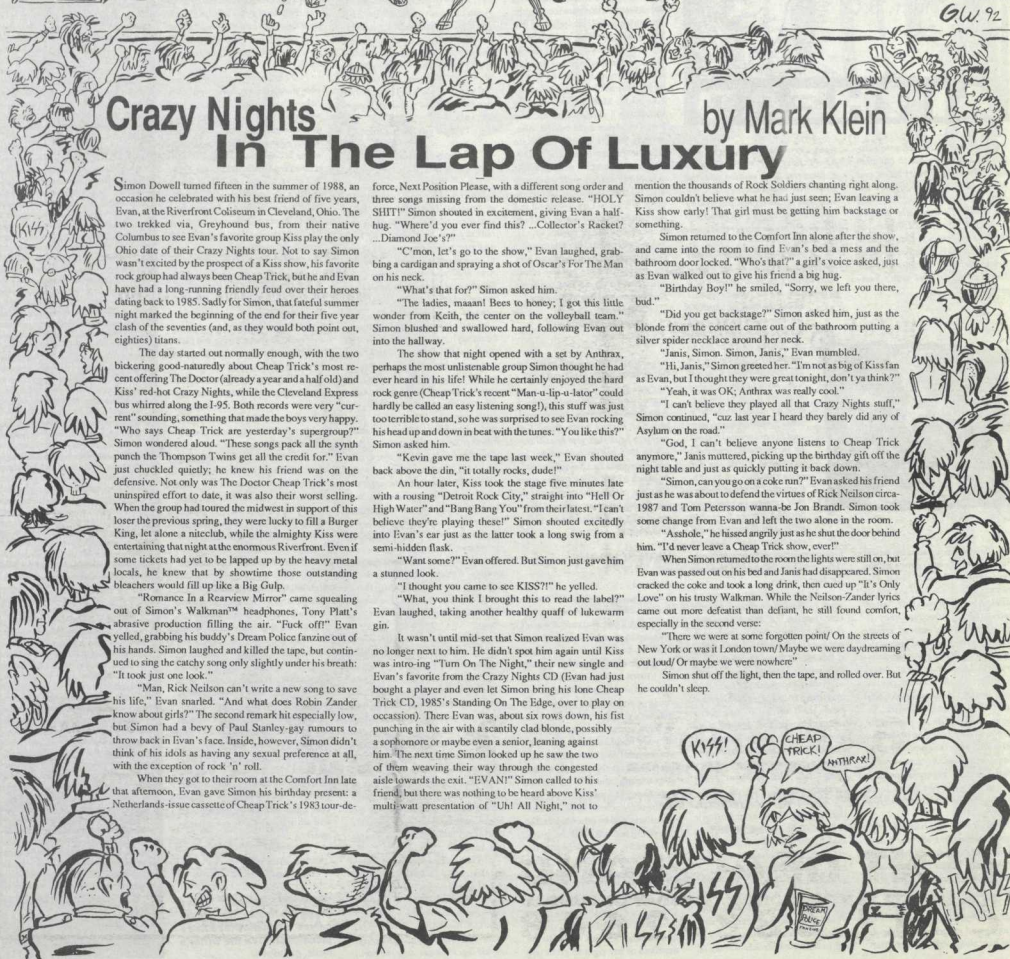
"Simon, can you go on a coke now?" Evan asked his friend just as he was about to defend the virtues of Rick Nelson circa-1987 and Tom Peterson wanna-be Jon Brandt. Simon took some change from Evan and left the two alone in the room.

"Asshole," he hissed angrily just as she shut the door behind him. "I'd never leave a Cheap Trick show, ever!"

When Simon returned the room the lights were still on, but Evan was passed out on his bed and Janis had disappeared. Simon cracked the coke and took a long drink, then cued up "It's Only Love" on his trusty Walkman. While the Nelson-Zander lyrics came out more defeatist than defiant, he still found comfort, especially in the second verse:

"There we were at some forgotten point/ On the streets of New York or was it London town/ Maybe we were daydreaming out loud/ Or maybe we were nowhere"

Simon shut off the light, then the tape, and rolled over. But he couldn't sleep.



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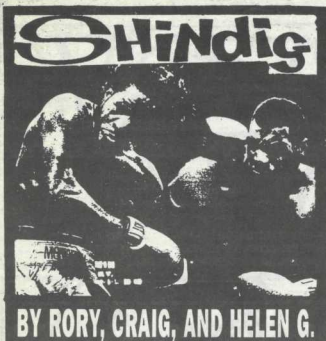
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This month we have reports from three different reporters who covered the wrap-up of the preliminary rounds: Rory Tai, last year's veteran Shindig reporter, gives us his jaded view of the last night of Round Two; Craig Sahlin, novice Shindig goer, relates his views of Night One of Round Three; and Helen G., hostess extraordinaire, pens her thoughts amidst the thick of third round action at the Railway.

Monday October 28

Ooof... I hadn't been to Shindig in several weeks and was unprepared for this early-week endurance fest. I still can't fathom how I managed to pull through all fourteen weeks last year. What was I doing? I must have been insane. This night the Railway was packed...and I mean packed! The drummers were having a lot of difficulty moving their kits from the stage to the bandroom due to the unrelenting crush of Shindig-goers and Railway regulars, most of whom had tossed back a few pints and were not exactly on the ball. And it was

hot. Unfortunately this applied only to the Railway's internal temperature and not to the evening's musical offerings.

Starting the night were **Little Push Machine**. All I can say is that they were forgettable. I forgot about them as soon as my head hit the pillow that night, and now (three weeks later) I haven't the faintest idea of what they were like. Embarrassing, I'll admit, but it's the truth.

Next up were the **Woo's**. A stupid name, you might say (I did), but "One hundred people surveyed, top five answers on the board...What do you yell at a rock show to signal appreciation?" Yup, "Woo Woo" is number one. The Woo's were a sort of Descendents-if-they-drunk-and-went-to-frat-parties combo, featuring three-chord pop-hardcoreiffs backing a vocalist who did aerobics and sang like a gorilla. They had a few songs that had me nodding in appreciation, although overall I'd have to say they'd come across better in someone's basement.

After a particularly abys-

mal round of **Jokes For Beer** (someone oughta tell Paul McKenzie that he's got a lame sense of humor), MC Chris hailed his 165 lb, tanned, fit and muscular bod (hey, if he showed it with a bit of class he'd get into the *Twilight Zone* for free...) up on stage and announced the evening's last performers: "**Blaise Pascal**." Blaise are possibly the heirs to the Vancouver indie loose-rock throne (earrings! moof! ceremonial baseball cap!) with appropriately obtuse influences in Codeine, Pavement, Sebadoh, Galaxie 500 and the Velvet Underground. I've seen them before (sometimes inspiring and sometimes not), and unfortunately this time it was not. The quiet songs came across well, but when the intensity increased, the band fell apart.

At the end of the night, the **Woo Woo's** (wood (oh fuck, that's terrible)...uh...won, Blaise Pascal placed second, and **Little Push Machine** brought up the rear.

Rory Tai

Monday November 2

Another evening at Shindig offered a look at three very different styles of bands. The first to come on were the distinct sounds of **Tin Men**. Following the mid '80's *Ensign* sound, this three-piece band fit the bill of the suave, cool-flow-



Tin Men by Len Whistler

ing electronic movement that those well known bands engendered. The electronic keyboards and drums made me remember my Human League days, yet they were quite interesting in their own right. As

for the vocalist and guitarist, their attempts to co-ordinate with the keyboard texture were well meaning, although weak in depth. The potential was there for a strong combination, but the harmonies were not entirely on par with the exactness of the programmed sounds.

The second band, **Brand New Unit**, defied the senses with their drive and energetic punch. Concentration on their overall sound seems a high priority for BNU and it comes across quite concisely and definitely. Seeing this band enlivened my renewal in straight-edge or, simply, harder edged bands. The tight drumming accentuated the band most effectively and the guitars always offered something creative throughout the set. The vocalist basically ripped. His stage presence made up for the others' lack of same; his tone was full and not annoying. The band may be a little too early 80's sound reiterated, but the spirit of bands like SNTU can definitely give this band a haste to excel.

Man, playing an always difficult last place position, came through with total energy and determination in their own back and relaxed fashion. The Singsha's player was quite a drawing card as a frontman and was an interesting contrast from the intense movements of BNU's singer. The lyrics were well thought out and the texture came across as very original within the 60's/90's crossover band attempts. I admired their drive and they have a lot of ability to expand their sound, as evident through their set.

Overall, I was very impressed with my first Shindig outing and I hope these musicians keep it up

and blow us away next time. Ad-venturous, ah? Craig Sahlin

Monday November 9

This week's contestants were an unusually even match. The first



Brand New Unit by Len Whistler

band was **Twitich** (formerly A Murder of Crows, which I used to think was a dumb name until I found out that that's what a group of crows is called. Cool!) Aside from a few too-eighties' sounding numbers, any names and inane chit-chat (due to nerves, I think), I liked this band. I overheard a guy at the next table saying they were the best shitty band he'd seen in a while, but they deserve less faint praise than that. The lead singer has a great voice, with a good range. If he focusses more on the growls and the band keeps up its mix of melody and hard stuff I'll like them even more. Stage presence needs some work too. Happy to see a band that's persevered and improved a lot! Congrats on taking first place, guys.

The **Real Mackenzies** took the stage next. Now here's a band

bursting at the seams with presence. I haven't seen them so I might be biased but the whole crowd seemed to love them as well. They even fed the masses! I tried the haggis they offered and it was GREAT. Problem is the Real Mackenzies only do traditional and cover songs which is not really what Shindig is about—although the reworking of *Twisted Sister* deserves some points for originality—thus the band was disqualified.

Hopetheyplayaroundtown again soon—for pure entertainment and a chance to see a communicative band (this includes yelling "you're all a bunch of bastards!" at the audience).

After a long break **Jokes For Beer** started. Nothing memorable, except a lot more sheep-fucking jokes than usual. Finally **The Many** played. By this time I was feeling headachy and ill so I can't pretend that my patience wasn't wearing rather than at this point. The Many were the last friendly band, despite being the band with

the most (and youngest!) friends there. Too many people just standing at the front. The band was tight and may have been talented but my overall sense was they were just too loud and too generic. Sorry guys.

Some final words: it was an enjoyable and enlightening evening overall, but disheartening to see yet another night of Shindig with not a single woman on stage. Girls, where are you!

Helen G.

By press time, Shindig will be heading into the exciting and climactic territory of Semi-Final Action. Head on down to the Railway for hours of suspense and the entertaining musical offerings of today's Hottest New Bands. And don't forget this year's Grand Finals will be at the Cruel Elephant, Friday December 11. See you there!

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GREEN DAY

BY ERIC
FLEX YOUR HEAD

Greenday are more punk than most punk or hardcore bands around. I remember saying this to myself when I first saw Greenday two years ago. If you've been among the lucky to hear any Greenday, chances are that you know where I'm coming from.

Greenday play in a style most would call pop-punk. With even more pop to it than punk, Greenday play catchy songs; memorable songs. Hell... maybe you could even call it "fluffy-girl-pop stuff." But it's more than music. It's more important than a sound. It's an attitude I'm describing. Greenday live to play their music, an unconditional passion that fills their lives. It's something real. It's not about money or fame or girls, they just do what they want to do and keep on doing it. This, my friend, is what I strongly admire them for. Greenday are:

Billy — guitar/vocals
Mike — bass
Tre — drums

Discorder — So, how many times have Greenday played Wacoover now? Are things getting better for you with every time you come here?

Billy: I think four times now. We played in Victoria as well, and it was the first time that we've played an actual club. We've played all-ages there but [last time] we played at this place called Harpo's and it was a really, really good show.

Tre: I got a hike out of it! A really whoopee old Schwinn with a nickel-plated on-chopper. I got it for \$500 from some kid.

Billy: I'm glad we got to play the Nappy Dugout just because of the name. Greenday at the Nappy Dugout sounds pretty cool to me.

That was a cool show, there were just over 200 kids there. That's pretty amazing. I remember the first time you guys played here, there was almost no one there.

Billy: It seems pleasant to go to more shows here.

Are the rumors true that Greenday is the only band people will go out to see at Gilman Street? (Gilman Street is a great volunteer run all-ages club in Berkeley.)
Billy: No, but we are practically the only band in the punk scene in Berkeley now. Everybody seems to be breaking up this year. This year there's been five or six different bands that have broken up; the bigger bands like Blatz, Mr. T, Experience, Jack Acid, Paxton Jigsaw, Jawbreaker is going to break up soon. Fifteen is on shaky ground.

What is your response to people who say that Greenday's songs have absolutely no socially redeeming qualities, that you have nothing valid to say, and that you're just a "fluffy-girl-pop band"?

Tre: We say, "ha ha..."
Mike: They haven't read all the lyrics. Billy: Let them think what they want to think. We write what we write and if they don't like it, to hell with them! We're not going to cater to people. We're not going to sit around and ask "Why don't you like us?" Our lyrics are obviously about something, you've just got to take a look at yourself more than looking at things on the outside, like politics. There's a lot of personal politics and personal opinions in our songs.

Tre: Also, a lot can be said with simpler words; a lot of people find simpler lyrics easier to relate to. We get letters from people [at the time] that say "That song... I'm going through the same stuff." If we have 60 socially redeeming qualities, or whatever, I say to each his own.

Billy: I think our songs are easier to grasp because not everybody knows what is going on in a political sense. People know how to get along with each other, and we try to get on more of a personal level with people.

You're not consciously writing these songs or "this is what we're going to do," is that happens?

Mike: More or less. We don't sit and say "We're going to write a song about a girl today." It comes up, that's the way we were feeling at the time.

How long do you see Greenday continuing as a band for? Do you want it to continue on to be a long-term thing?

Billy: We just take it day by day and don't try to build up expectations.

Tre: More like month by month, actually...

Mike: Everyone likes to predict what we are going to break up. That's why the band has never been a "business thing," it's a "musical thing." For example, people ask us when our next album is coming out, we're just grilling them to write music, if an album comes out, that's great.

Billy: We're doing what we're doing. Most of the people that say we must aren't really doing what they're doing. It's basically just a jealousy trip.

Mike: — Ya, we're just taking it show by show.

Tre: Our own broke today and Blueberry fixed it in an hour and twenty minutes.
Mike: Blueberry is roadie number two. Mikibone and Blueberry, that's Ben and Scott.

I sort of hate doing interviews...totally. Although the finished product usually makes it all worthwhile.
Billy: It's really hard to "read" an interview. Sometimes people say things with different tones of voice, and it's not actually what they're saying. If someone says somebody sucks you can't tell if they're being sarcastic or serious. Sometimes I'll read something I've said and think "what an asshole, did I actually say that!"

I think the hardest thing to do in an interview is have it really mean anything. It might mean something, but maybe that's just how you felt just at that time. You may change your mind an hour later.

Billy: You can also think of that in the terms of the different stages in your life: something I may have said when I was seventeen isn't going to apply when I'm 21.

The finished product has a sense of permanence. Here's this tangible thing sitting there with pictures... someone can read it and think to themselves "Cool, I think I'll check out Greenday next time they come to town. I think I'll check out a Greenday record."

Billy: If you think about it, say ten years from now, you could have a little collection of quotes that all add up to one thing. You can kick back and go "Oh... that's what they're all about."

When you return home after touring do you have jobs to go back to, or is the band doing enough that you can devote your time to just the band?

Mike: We don't work. We're not rich, but we don't work. We live off of playing [for Greenday]. I just hope we don't burn out on each other. That's the one thing I fear...burning out.

Is *Kerplunk!* doing well? Are you surprised with how popular it was?

Billy: It's going good so far. I've got complaints. We've got to keep on looking forward, keep doing what we're doing, but also look to different audiences.

Since you are doing this day by day, month by month, seeing how things go along, do you have any plans for the big major label push?

Billy: That's similar to what I was saying before, where one thing you say three years ago isn't always going to match up with what you say later on; the circumstances are different. Three years ago I was a motivated little punk in high school just shooting



off my mouth. Now I've got a lot more responsibilities. I'm not saying we're going to sell out or anything, but you come to realize that you don't want to go to work everyday. People don't want to have a large job, they want to do what they want to do. Some people will go to school for twenty years and still be unhappy with what they're doing.

I've been playing music almost all of my life and this is what I'm going to be doing for the rest of my life. So who knows what my opinion on the music industry will be like three years from now, it's something that's just not predictable.

Mike: I'm not saying we're leaning towards that or anything but I see a lot of people that aren't punk, who won't even go

to punk shows, who like our music. We go to punk shows, punk shows are rad, but there's a lot of punks sneering and spitting on us screaming "fack-you!!..." sometimes it's all you can take.

Billy: There's no way we're going to limit ourselves to one small group of people, that's just stupid. Everyone has a right to listen to what they want.

Any final words?

Billy: We're not as serious as this interview may make us seem.

Mike: We're totally ridiculous.

Billy: The things that we're talking about now aren't even the things we think about. We're not into this...
Mike: We don't even think about the band, we just play music and hang out.





HELEN'S KITCHEN

By the time you read this, I, Helen, will be in a new kitchen. My then roommate makes a wicked chick-pea curry so watch for that and other bachelor girl recipes in months to come. We'll be thinking of you over the holidays—have a swell time and don't miss the Charlie Brown Christmas special!

In the world of cooking, Mrs. Beeton is my heroine. Peg Bracken is a close runner-up; less classic but more contemporary. Think how happy I was then to find in Bracken's *The I Hate to Cook Almanack: A Book of Days—Recipes & Relief for the Reluctant Cook and Harried Houseperson* (1976)

a recipe from Mrs. Beeton's *All About Everything* (1969). Instead of eggnog for Christmas, try Rumfustian, guaranteed to live up your evening and "grow hair on the sidewalk!"
Rumfustian, a drink greatly approved.

Ingredients:

- 12 eggs
- 1 quart strong beer
- 1 pint gin
- 1 bottle of sherry
- 1 stick of cinnamon
- 1 nutmeg
- 12 lumps of sugar
- peel of 1 lemon

Beat the eggs into a froth and whisk them into the beer; to this add the gin. Meanwhile, boil the bottle of sherry with the cinnamon, nutmeg, sugar and lemon peel combined. As soon as the mixtures reach boil, mix both together. Serve quite hot.

Now for a recipe of a different sort; first you bake and then you play. To make your very own "day" dreidel for Hanukkah (adapted from Judith Hoffman Corwin's *Jewish Holiday Fun*) the process is much like the homemade playdough you may or may not have made as a kid. You will need:

- 2 cups of flour
- 1 cup salt
- 1 cup water

This should make enough dreidels for you and your friends. You can have a Hanukkah block party!

Mix the flour and salt together in a large bowl. Add the water a little at a time, mixing it in. When all the water is used up, knead the dough until smooth.

Now you need:

- blue acrylic paint
- a black fine-line felt-tip marker
- shellac

Make a 4" ball from the dough. Shape the dough until it takes the form of the dreidel (as shown). The bottom of the dreidel must come to a point and the top should be narrow enough to be easily held. Try to shape the dreidel so that it is balanced; this will make it spin easier and better.

Bake in a preheated oven at 300°F until lightly browned. (Approximately 30 minutes but check often to make sure the edges aren't burning.)

ש ה נ ג

Allow to cool and then paint with a coat of acrylic. (It doesn't have to be blue if you can't find any or you want to experiment.) Dry. Then, with the marker, draw each letter on the proper side of the dreidel (i.e. in the order illustrated). Let paint dry, shellac the dreidel, dry again and presto!—time to gamble.

The dreidel is spun like a top for prizes. You can use pennies. Sme-



ies, poker chips etc. The four letters on the dreidel are *nun, gimel, l, and shin*. Take turns spinning the dreidel. If it lands on *nun*, you don't get anything. If it lands on *gimel*, you win all the pennies. When it lands on *l*, you are entitled to half of them.

Finally, if it lands on *shin*, you have to give back half your winnings.

This year Hanukkah starts at sundown of December 19, and with Christmas on the 25th, as usual, they overlap by one day. With eight days for Hanukkah and twelve for Christmas that gives you nineteen days of celebrations! Because holidays are international I have devoted the whole column to them, at the expense of local bands. But hey, I've given you folk plenty of chances to bring yourself to my attention.

If you wanna tell me about some great Valentine's Day recipe, tradition, or horror story you have, just give me a call at 822-3017 or mail it to me c/o *Disorder*. Have a good break and don't spend too much money!

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DECEMBER

Nine hours before the imminent performance of the band's short life, drummer Ties reflected on the effectiveness of the group's chosen appellation: has had on its fortunes. "I've had people coming up to me and saying 'Hey, I'm a big fan of your band. I haven't heard you or seen you but..."

On a Sunday afternoon usually reserved for rehearsal, Ties along with singer-guitarist Nicole Steen and bassist Marcus Rogers (guitarist/vocalist Stephen "Steve" Knauff and guitarist Kevin Rose were no-shows) open up their inner sanctum to another curious onlooker, asked in by his own metaphorical curiosity. "It's one of the things that has attracted people to the band," says Rogers. "You look at the name and it could be an industrial band, or a Patsy Cline kind of band, or it could be just anything. It's a strong name." Bandmate Ties insists on going one better: "Coal is such a good name for us. If we could emulate that, a slow burn..."

Speaking of metaphors, on a good night like their disc release party held last October 19th at the Arts Club and through their self-titled release on Zulu Records, Coal offer the black stuff a pretty stiff challenge. Fueled by their collective past experiences from post punk, rockably and country excursions, Coal brings these elements to the surface creating music of considered intense intimacy. Steen's Canary (more reminiscent of American cowpunk Julie Christensen than Cowboy Junkies' Margo Timmins) ominously sings of unseen, but very real, danger drifting harmoniously to Ties's aforementioned "Slow burn." Penny Candy music it isn't, unless you like jawbreakers with garlic clover centers.

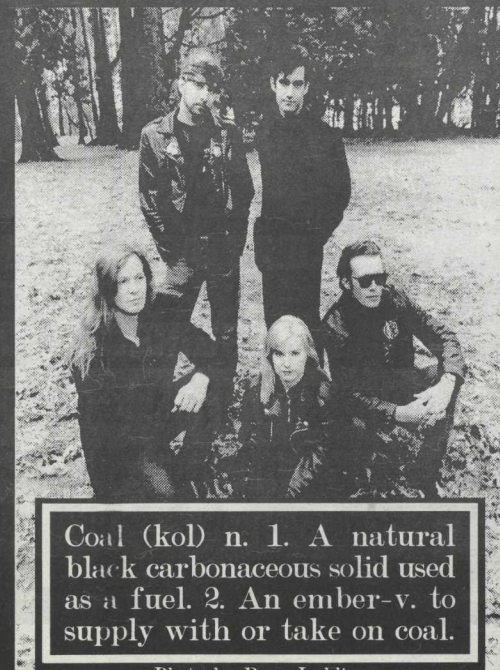
Coal began two years ago as an idea of Steen's and Knauff's to entertain at a mutual art student friend's graduation show. This, along with some busking experience, attracted interest in their little duet project from others. "It was sort of going well and we had a few songs," explained Steen. "It was like we were finding a sound. I guess Marcus, he's the bass player, said, 'Well, I want to be involved too.' So we started playing as a three piece, just practicing, and we met Ian and asked him if he wanted to play drums."

Their first show together (Rose would join later) was at a party in the building Steen and Rogers live in. From then on Coal continued by crafting songs devoted to an ageless yet cliché-ridden theme: "I would have to say, with sort of a cliché, that they're [songs] about the battle between good and evil, black and white, positive and negative," said Steen. "It's like an ancient primordial thing, the question of battling with the two forces. That's what all the songs are actually about."

To the residue of childhood thoughts and this is something Steen, Knauff and their bandmates want part of. They're very personal songs, stated Ties. "I don't think Coal is attempting to take a certain message to the world, but messages that apply to the inner person also apply to the world."

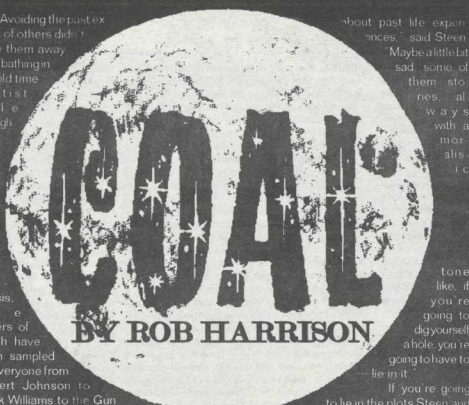
Avoiding the past excesses of others didn't drive them away from battling the old time baptist tale through the dump.

c a tharsis, the waters of which have been sampled by everyone from Robert Johnson to Hank Williams to the Gun Club and X. We started this album with a couple of songs Steve had written ("Fade Away" and "Talking to Solitary") and they were personal stories, narratives really.



Coal (kol) n. 1. A natural black carbonaceous solid used as a fuel. 2. An ember-v. to supply with or take on coal.

Photo by Dave Jacklin



about past life experiences," said Steen. Maybe that's why they're going to dig yourself alone, you're going to have to lie in it.

If you're going to lie in the plots Steen and Steve have dug, the predicament is made more facile by Ties's subtle brush and taptune. Interspersed with Roger's alternative acoustic/electric bass, Knauff's acous-

tone like, if you're going to dig yourself alone, you're going to have to lie in it.

tic and Rose's electric guitars gently stand the high you as opposed to being thrown and trampled down. "Our music may sound sweet on top," says Rogers. "But there's a dark undercurrent to it when you listen to the lyrics. It's sweet and sour, a sweet sound with a foreboding lyric. It's like a plant that has a beautiful flower that eats insects. I don't know if that's a perfect analogy, but there's a lot of that in this world. Like that, Life (ideal commercial for the 'wide world of animals' (Rogers adopts his best Lorne Greene 'voice of doom' narrative voice) see the savage beauty."

Learn why they call them animals," adds Steen.

Coal's progress to this point were the results of a calm, considered approach. The same qualities that slowly defined their musical identity might change them in the future. "We weren't in any big rush to go anywhere," said Steen.

Everything happened just as we went along. We let it happen. We weren't pushing or forcing it to go anywhere. That sound that we developed just sort of happened and could evolve into something else. "That manifesto extends amongst the others to the politics of reaching future audiences. "None of us has a real burning desire to get to the next step," offered the much travelled Mr. Ties. "A lot of bands think they have to get to the next step, get into this or that position. That's all well and good but I find I'm not impressed by people that try too hard. You get the feeling from somebody they're trying too hard to impress and dazzle you. I like someone that exudes a sense of confidence. Play to the people who love you. Ignore the rest. Please yourself."

Unforced and unhurried, Coal have released their own self produced disc after only two years of existence, an ironic distinction for a collective that prides itself in taking it's sweet ole something when they want, instead of the ticking of someone else's meter. Tour? "I'm not in any rush to get on tour and take it to the people," said Ties. "I think that Coal is more of a group that we can get a good solid base happening, make videos, create..."

It's served as a creative vehicle for some of its members already. Rogers has produced a video for their single "No Angel," utilizing his film-making experience developed through past works with his film company, Cinestir. Rose's sound engineering background was put to good use in the studio while recording the disc. Ties stretches his musical legs outside of Coal as a singer-songwriter, while Knauff pursues writing outside of music and Steen is an artist. "It seems we're already busy," said Rogers. "We're not as relaxed as our music is at all."

Sudden respect any big um break through from the Black Rock Five. They are inspiring or expecting it, then again...

"We're not looking for any handouts from record companies," states Ties.

"We're going to keep improving the quality of our work."

We're going to keep on





Bill has just won the Canadian Music Video Award for best alternative video. Tankhogg has been on the cover and we sell more records in one city than they do in all of Canada," reasons Front Line Assembly vocalist/keyboardist, Bill Leeb on why they should've had the cover of this issue of *Discorder*. "We've been on the cover of almost every other magazine." The guy does have a point.

The photo shoot takes place a few hours later behind the Soho Billiards, our rendezvous spot. Bill and FLA live percussionist, Chris Peterson, shoot some mean pool and look incongruous at the fashionable Soho in the heart of Yaletown. Bill is impossibly tall and Chris looks like an industrial death rocker extraordinaire. Rhys Fulber, the other half of FLA, shows up and the shoot begins.

The editor's idea of having the band wear Santa toques (hey, it is the Christmas issue) goes over with a thud, but drawn in snowflakes will tolerate. Bill jokes that he'll come to my home if Santa hats are drawn on him and that he knows what my car looks like - Mr. *Discorder* editor, my life is in your hands!

The shoot takes all of ten minutes (just the way the band likes 'em) with Rhys, Chris and Bill doing the usual industrial gay poses, but they make fun at how mean they take. They take their music, but not themselves, seriously.

Rewinding the tape to July, to an interview done with Bill and Rhys a few weeks before FLA's North America tour. Taking place in Bill's Robson apartment, almost directly above the apartment of Skinny Puppy's Gavin Crompton, the surroundings are spotless, as usual. The living room's furnishings are basic: the leather couches, stereo and cabinet, and collectables, including a Throbbing Gristle T-shirt and all of Bill's releases neatly lined up on display; artwork by Giger and B. Braincrater, needless to say. The apartment mirrors Bill: everything under control and everything in its place. He's one of the few people who knows what he's doing and has no hesitations; the man's a proverbial rock.

Rhys arrives a few minutes later. He's intense; there's a definite feeling of sharpness to him. He's just turned twenty-one, and he's been working with Bill since he was sixteen, playing drums from the ripe old age of five. Rhys settles down on the couch while I quiz Bill about what he did before making music.

"I bought lots of records. I was just as preoccupied with collecting records and searching out the whole underground scene as I am now preoccupied in doing it. So I was obsessed with these kinds of things. I used to get boxes of mail and cassettes, people I'd never heard of. Back then it was more underground; it's sort of expected now."

Bill is a self-taught musician, although he dabbled with the violin during his formative years back in Austria. Bill's interest in electronic music was a progression from the days of pop and lists Joy

Division, Wire and Killing Joke as his favorite bands back then. Joy Division and Killing Joke's use of synthesizers got Bill on the right track "then Fad Gadget was the first electro record I bought that I was really impressed with. I think that's where the real musical roots established themselves from. Also, Spk, Neubauten, and all that played a vital role."

Bill has been working in music for more than ten years now, with Skinny Puppy till '86 and as FLA since then. I remember going to the Black Market Store on Granville mall in 1986 and seeing Bill working there. I shook my head ruefully and wondered to my now ex-boyfriend how Bill could actually leave Skinny Puppy? Around that same time, my ex and I, nonchalantly went into Discus Records in the old Pacific Centre mall, pretending to look at records but really to sneak looks at Ogre who was employed there. He was putting up a Pointer Sisters display. It is this sense of history that I want to ask Bill about; the stories that are part of Vancouver music lore that fans in the rest of the world can only read about.

Bill recalls that at the time it seemed like nothing was happening. "That was at the end of Images [In Vogue], where we considered an alternative band in Vancouver. (laughs). It was! And all the bands we liked, the so-called 'Wild Planet' bands, like Portion Control, Legendary Pink Dots and all that, were in Europe. That's when we were writing to all that stuff because there was nothing here. The first time we [Skinny Puppy] played, it was in this underground place. We had to actually break in there to do the gig because the landlord changed the lock! 150 people turned out and it was like a big secretive gig. That was as underground as it was in Vancouver."

Rhys feels that Vancouver isn't really that supportive of electronic music. "The people who make it just happen to live here, that's about as far as it goes. There's no scene clubs. There's people here who like it, but there isn't really a scene. There was a scene six years ago more so than now." Bill agrees, "It's strange. When Puppy play here they get the smallest audience of the whole tour. But, yet, people are always supportive of DOA. Vancouver's a strange and unusual place. Yet Nitzer Ebb packed it in!"

We've hit a sore spot here: Puppy and FLA have put Vancouver on the musical map, a fact that not many people here acknowledge. Both bands have a loyal following in Europe and the States; in fact, I witnessed an example of this in Chicago in early '91. FLA were doing an autograph signing at the Wax Trax record store and the turnout was pretty impressive. Bill and Rhys handled the crowd professionally and chatted amiably with their fans.

The one thing readily apparent about FLA is their treatment towards their fans: they always have time for them, unlike some people I've run into in the course of my writing career. Back in Chicago, Bill, Rhys, Caryllann (Bill's fiancée), Andy Dunkley (a journalist who used to work at Wax Trax), and I were enroute from the Indian restaurant to the Cabaret Metro where FLA were playing. Tuned into a local college radio station the DJ announced she was wait-

ing for FLA to show up for an interview; Bill and Rhys looked at each other, "uh oh." They were genuinely concerned and as soon as we arrived at the Cabaret Metro they phoned the radio station and did an on-air interview. Some bands might've said "fuck it" and not bothered. Not FLA.

The excitement of going on tour (which ended successfully here on Sept. 18) was humorously highlighted by Bill's story of trying to get money for the video wall at the rear of the stage. Somehow 20 T.V.'s got lost on the tour. "I talked to the record company for an hour." Bill says on a roll. "It took an hour of selling my soul! (laughs) It wasn't easy. It's only \$16,000 (pretending to write a cheque). I had the gall to phone those guys, a lot of people wouldn't have had the nerve to demand, 'You know, if we don't have this we can't tour.' They spent a lot of money on us for this year. All the remises... have you added it all up?" he asks Rhys gleefully. Rhys recalls the money spent, "To the plane tickets, to all the costs of the promo tour, hotels, food."

There's been a noticeable shift in sound on FLA's latest Third Mind Record's release *Tactical Neural Implant*: the influence of techno industrial's lighter and dancier cousin. Rhys explains, "I listen to music I never would have four or five years ago. It doesn't matter who it is, it's all generic. Whoever, P39 or MIG 25, it doesn't matter who it is. It's kind of like elevator music. It depends on what you want from the music, that's what you're going to get from it, right? There's no big meaning, there's no big purpose, which is good sometimes. I don't want to listen to someone telling me who to vote for."

Talk turns to FLA's dance side project, Intermix, which serves up samples of such Top 40 faves as C & C Music Factory and Sting. "If that were played on AM radio, we'd have a hit. We're not on a major label, so that makes the difference."

I ask them how club play of their stuff has gone, and we hit another torrent of how dull Vancouver is. "You can't get a scoop on anything when you live in Vancouver, you can't tell how popular things are here, says Bill. "You live here, you get fuckin' paranoid before you go on tour because you think nobody cares about you. And then you go to your first venue and these kids with their shirts on all like, 'yeah, yeah.' Then right away you feel, 'Oh yeah, everything's cool.' Vancouver's kind of awkward that way. Yet, you can walk around and nobody

bothers you. It's a great place to live in cities where you get hassled."

"Even in big cities where you're harassed," says Rhys, "like London or New York." "And it's true," continues Bill. "The techno club and before you know it you're surrounded by kids."

"Doesn't happen here," snorts Rhys. "Well, it helps keep the old guard in line." Bill says with a laugh, picking up the magazine. "Here's that magazine where it tells everybody how he taught me something from the skin fluke to the... why he's so concerned about that?"

I mention that he's probably a little bit of a snob. "FLA are doing so well, how damn good are they?" "Puppy do so well! Bill and Rhys acknowledge that it's also probably elaborates, "Dave (Dave Ogilvie, who stuff) did an earlier mix and now it's a task... It's strange how people Ogre's the way better person."

This is the proverbial can of worms: a rivalry here, with some of the most successful bands in the world. Puppies. There's been some rivalry. Bill's name is conspicuously absent from the back of the cover of *Back and Forth II*, which involved in Bill. Bill also felt into and amplify this rivalry.

I just do it!" "I read bought a new car. I took about what I had and them. Collected what it would be nice, and... "No, we never disagree Rhys. They're going and we've got to go. We live in the same street in the same house, but they're the same thing about burying the hatchet. It's going to matter in the long run, it's not 'never' luck. You need any help, call me. I hope you die in hell, you couldn't never going to help you!"

"You're never going to work in music," Rhys says snidely. "That's what it was like when nothing without us." "I remember proven naysayers wrong. Front Line Assembly, but their Delerium has released five full length CD's and is full of aural soundscapes that are alive. On first listen the music is subtle but as you listen you realize it's a classical music. People who are blown away by Delerium. This is what leaves most of their competition behind."

Oh yeah, if you see them on tour they should've worn the Santa hats. 

by June SCUDLER

FRONT LINE ASSEMBLY

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BY JUNE SCUDELER

First up is **Skinny Puppy's** *Black and White Series Two* (Network), a release for all of us poor souls who didn't have one of the fifty original copies of this. Or, as in my case, for those who have had a very bad copy of a copy. *Black and White* was released as a demo in '83 before the Pup's were signed to Network. In the liner notes, Kevin Key apologises for the fact that he feels some of the songs may annoy the listener, one must remember, however, that it was

recorded onto a 4-track Portastudio between '81 and '84. This is an important CD and it's good that it has finally been released. Besides the tracks on the demo, there are live tracks and an instrumental demo version of "Assimilate," which is pretty wild. The standout track is "K-9," which underlines Puppy's philosophy about a dog watching his master through a key-hole, hearing his wife; it's about feeling helpless. Good as well as, "Monster Ra-

dio Man," with a surprisingly funky beat and "UNOVI" on a sax. If you're sure on the ball, you would've known that *Black and White* came in a metal bag containing a handprinted paper graphic with distorted looking teeth on it. Only 194 of these were signed by Kevin and Greg. Read this and weep.

I sweat a column hasn't gone by without having Front Lane Assembly or one of their side projects in it, and this is no exception. Bill Leeb and Rhys Fulber should have their pictures in the dictionary under workaholic; this time out is the new **Noise Unit** CD, *Strategy of Violence* (Dossier). Marc Verhaeghe of Klinik is more involved because he doesn't have time any more. Unlike FLA's *Tactical Nuclear Implant*, which took a while to grow on me, *Strategy of Violence* hit me right away. This is a bit of a mixed bag, but all tunes, save one, are definitely dance friendly. The anomaly is "The Passage," which would not be out of place on a Delephant CD. It starts with samples of dripping water to which mid-eastern beats are added. When is the next Delephant? This track just whets your appetite for more. A lot of this reminds me of a more melodic *Cosmic Grip*, but follows the FLA trend of more melody. Another standout cut

is "Alle Gegen Alles," in which Bill sings in German over a slow, funky beat with the lyrics "Be-

Now for something completely different, is *4 Film Font* (Extreme/Cargo) by **C. Schulz**. The instrumentals included on this album include an oboe, mid-saxophone, cello, guitar, trombone as well as programming. It opens with loops and saxophone which fade into a repetitive piano piece gradually becoming more complex. There are four parts similar to this following the footsteps and the moods of the (ghostly) owner, from quiet to an almost panic. This CD is not capital "T" industrial, but for ambient/experimental aficionados, it's very cool-sounding. What with the sounds washing out of the speakers in a draft of ice... I like this a lot.

Also released on Extreme, is **MuslimGauze's** *Zulm*. I don't know much about them, but they are definitely for Palestinian emancipation—dedicated to "the unknown Palestinians buried in mass graves in Al-Rajza cemetery, Kuwait City." The music reflects this with electronic music overlaid by Arabic and East Indian vocal and percussion. The first two tracks are excellent with lots of energy and danceability, whereas "Corpus Gara," has more subtle overtones. Highly recommended.

Yippe, Canadian content. I guess, Scarborough, Ontario, has been the centre of the scene, but one name has popped up, so I was interested to hear their latest *Premeditated Murder* (Epidemic). The liner notes state that the music was constructed to obliterate "the marked trend in commercial music to create generic, whose-beats-to-sell-a-bad song." Malharoo wants to show that "it has gone as far as it can get." This is premeditated murder. "The music itself is that industrial/thrash crossover stuff, where every band doing this thinks they're the new Al Jourgensen or Ian MacKaye." For what it is, *Premeditated Murder* is good, it just ain't my cup of cappuccino. The vocals are from the hoarse whisper school of singing and the lyrics are in the usual "goat an' life/black" school of thought. I'll recommend this to people who like this style. The opening track is great, though, a rap song slowed way down with plaintive, piano and guitar accompaniment—more of that, please!

Next up is **Consolidated's** *Play More Music* (Network). The opening is designed to get my proverbial goat: "Industrial Music is Fascism" has an audience member telling Consolidated to not play industrial music if they don't like fascism. Consolidated sees life in black and white; they haven't even talked with a lot of

people working within industrial music. Most of them are far from being fascists. It's one of those stereotypes that makes me want to hit people HARD with my red metal Japanese lunch box!

Anyways, there's nothing here you haven't heard before. Besides a few exceptions. Jack Danger! Most of Manifesto mixes in which always a great to hear. The cut that has people's tongues a wagging that, harris "You Suck," featuring the Yeastie Girls, a song most women will love, but will make some menfolk run the opposite direction. Why? Maybe a sample of lyrics will illustrate "I know you're really proud because you think you're well hung but I think it's time to learn to use your tongue." The song steadily gets more explicit, but it's refreshing to hear a band sing about cumming from a woman's point of view, especially in such an open way. Men, beware! Regrettably, Consolidated have not yet personalized their music the way the Disposable Heroes of Hiphoppy have.

Well, I've ran out of time. Next month, "Mekanical Objekt Noize" will feature demos by local bands and the latest releases from Pigface and Inter-mix. (What about those pioneers of industrial music who went by the name of *Big Black's* *Bro Set's* *Recesses*?) 'Til '90, yeah, happy holidays.

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Jan Kincaid kicks on the drums inna JB Clyde Stubblefield Funky Drummer style, while Andrew Levy holds 'em hostage on the bass, and Simon



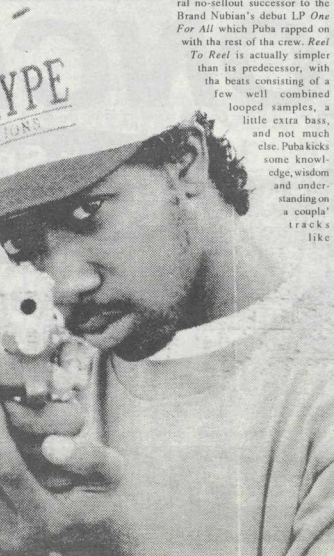
...don't know version" of "How To Kill A Radio Consultant." Slammin'!

In local news, **Finesse and Showbiz**, who competed in the second round of *So So Def*, have just released a CD single for Johnny Jet records of Vancouver. The track is called "Keep On Movin'" and is a hard-core, somewhat off-kilter, somewhat off-kilter mix of it. This track is too poopy for my tastes, with the female singer doin' the intro for the rap and the real commercial beats, but I suppose it's a good thing for happenin' locally. This track sounds like it was made for 1995.5, and I'm sure they'll try to sell it, but they get no props for it. I'm sure it's a good thing for happenin' locally. This track sounds like Johnny Jet has pushed these two artists into being something they don't want to be. Get back to doin' what you want to do, something smart and new.

Comptons Most Wanted are back in jack mode on their new release *Mike To Drivley* (Opphous). DJ Mike T, DJ Slip, Opphous and Master Ric Roc, are responsible for a whole new style of hip-hop. The hardcore slow boom'n' beats complement their fresh C.K.W. style soul breaks and choruses scratched out of two repeated key phrases from other hip hop records makes this track sound fresh! C.K.W. really come into their own with this record; nobody can touch this style they're slangin'. And if you don't think that the title is just a little bit...well, I will be wit it.

Straight outta Britain is **Galliano** with their second release on Acid Jazz records, *A Joyful Noise Unto The Creator*. If you know about the acid jazz thing that's been gaining popularity in Britain over the last few years, then you probably know what this is all about. They're listening to it. Smooth beats from a live band playing very conservative "C.K.W." alongside a hip hop break. Add some soulful singing and some British soulful rappers and you've got Galliano. *A Joyful Noise Unto The Creator* might have a few good grooves here and there, but it's not what you'd expect from a British soulful Ultramagnetic or Comptons Most Wanted and it doesn't stand a chance. Britain has been doing their own thing with rap for a while now, and it's not what you'd expect removed from its origins to get down and really rap...or Rap.

Rap of old death goes hand down the Ultramagnetic MC's for their fresh, no sell-out, oldschool funky shit. Doppel Wow, I think I've been writin' for a whole lot of time here! You pass it 'til '93.





VIDEOFILTER TANIA BOLSKAYA

*"'Twas the night before Christmas
And all through the pub
Not a sound could be heard
But a gentle 'glub glub'
The drunks were propped up
On the woodwork with care
In hopes that the bartender
Soon would be there."*

If social festivities don't harden your nipples with the anticipation of fatty hors d'oeuvres, a cheap buzz, and wafer-thin conversation, perhaps your free time this holiday season could be spent in the company of those who admit their own transparency. No, I'm not speaking of David Lynch fans. ("Leave him alone, man. He's a fucking genius!") What better time of year to feast in your own little cinematic cocoon with big stars and screen legends than those weeks when your beloved cousins of all ages invade the ancestral abode and demand sacrifice in the form of Nintendo rentals and BBQ chips?

box like a small furry animal that only wants to escape your kindly leg-hold trap.

My highly sought-after suggestion for private movie viewing this month is an original. That being, a movie that was good enough to inspire some Hollywood director to use the usually over-weight appendage at the end of his arm in a misguided attempt to better, or Hollywoodify, or English Languageize an already great work.

Even the most asacetic of us have heard of *Star Wars*, *The Magnificent Seven*, *Dangerous Liaisons*, and/or *Valmont*. Well, smartypants, have you heard of *The Hidden Fortress*, *The Seven Samurai*, or *Les Liaisons Dangereuses* 1967?

Les Liaisons Dangereuses 1960 (French director/Bengali Roger Vadim was the first screen adaptation of the 18th century novel. Vadim himself introduced the film, explaining that it is a continuation of his film exploration of the changing roles and perceptions of women in society. Bridget Bardot as sex kitten in *And God Created Woman* and Jane Fonda as space sex kitten in *Barbarella* are two of this french sensualists other female "portraits").

The story of *Dangerous Liaisons* is here updated to 1960 Europe, where an intellectual young couple, the Valmonts, enjoy a very honest and very open (wink wink) marriage. Unwittingly, they fall into a game of sex romp one-shipmanship that leads to the disintegration of their relationship and their lives. *Dangerous Liaisons* 1960 centres on many of the same conflicts as the 1987 and 1988 adaptations (the former, *Dangerous Liaisons*, directed by Stephen Frears and the latter, *Valmont*), directed by Milos Forman), primarily the sexual double standard to which women are subjected. The more up to date setting of the Vadim version binds the subject closer to modern soci-

ety and makes it recognizably relevant to most of us viewers. There are no glitzy decorative costumes (sorry, breast freaks) or astounding country manor settings, only wonderfully subtle acting and a hipper than thou Theloniou Monk score. *Dangerous Liaisons* 1960 is worth watching if only for the ever present, ever pleasant jazz piano of Mr. Monk. Vadim's usual exploitative tendencies are quelled in favour of a serious adaptation of a sexually intellectual work.

If sexual game playing in 1960 France leaves you cold (or you've finished masterbating to *Dangerous Liaisons* 1960 and you want to move on), Akira Kurosawa's *The Seven Samurai* is a great way to put an evening out to pasture. It is three hours and ten minutes of swordplay, trickery, good guys, bad guys, cool clothes, and even cooler hairdos than you could find in any adventure classic of the Western hemisphere. Heck, George Lucas admitted STOLE from this guy. I'm not denying the validity of *The Magnificent Seven*, *The Seven Samurai*'s American remake, as a great western but instead of re-treading beaten paths, why not mosey your moccasins over to the land where great westerns were born: on the sets of Japanese master filmmaker Kurosawa. Be warned, however. If you haven't caught *Akiraera* yet, *The Seven Samurai* (or *High and Low*, a dirty detective flick, or *Ran*, Kurosawa's adaptation of *King Lear*, or *The Hidden Fortress*, the inspiration for *Star Wars*) will leave you highly susceptible.

Are you really really scared of renting foreign movies because they're nasty and difficult and they once offered you candy and a ride home when your mother was around? *La Femme Nikita* is probably one of the most painless introductions into the land of subtitles. If you've already trekked through your local store's list of Hollywood action-shoot-em-up-spies-bruises-and-terrorist films, you should overcome your linguistic xenophobia to check this baby out.

Not the most cerebral of action films, *La Femme Nikita* is what the best of them should be: entertaining. I'm recommending

La Femme Nikita now. Next year Hollywood will be releasing its own version starring Bridget Fonda, and the original film will be largely sought after and highly unavailable. Besides, a prepared audience is a skeptical one. The commercial movie industry should learn to earn its keep.

Speaking of earning one's keep, the most earnest breadwinner of 1992 award should be directed to Mr. Spike Lee. No matter what kind of backlash or acclaim Malcolm X receives, it can not be denied that Lee has the good of an entire race in his intentions. It is easy to disagree with his methods, his occasional irrationality, or his frequent self-aggrandizement, but he very apparently and fervently desires to see his race bettered, a goal he strives for in each of his cinematic endeavours. Next month in this modest little column will sit the spittle of Spike Lee himself, as he discusses *Malcolm X* and related topics. To prepare you, the loyal peruser, I offer the following brief summary of his career.

In 1986, Lee made *She's Gotta Have It*. Unable to get backing, he borrowed his friends credit cards and ran them up to \$28,000. Somepal. The rest of this Spikeella story, however, reveals that *She's Gotta Have It* grossed \$3 million, a huge amount for an independent, no-budget picture. An extremely funny film, *She's Gotta Have It* also displays a sharp sensitivity for the modern female perspective that Lee differed considerably in later films.

Less accessible, and less popular, was Lee's 1988 movie, *School Daze*. A full scale musical set at an all-black college, Lee attempted to speak out on the tension between light and dark skinned African Americans. Lee has always maintained that he makes movies for black people about topical black subjects. If you hate musicals, the wonder of video affords you the option to fast forward the musical numbers and just enjoy the vibrant, well acted story. Make sure you don't miss E.U.'s Da Butt, though!

With his next feature, *Do the Right Thing*, Lee was a knockin' at the door of the U.S.

film establishment and no one was home. Consequently, it did its duty in terms of generating discussion about American race relations. If you haven't seen *Do the Right Thing*, you haven't made the commitment to even think about racism in North America.

After *Do the Right Thing* kuffuffle, Lee, self-declaredly, made a lighter toned film, *Mo' Better Blues*. The story of a Black musician and the state of contemporary New York jazz, *Mo' Better Blues* also created controversy when Lee promoted it as his antithesis to Clint Eastwood's *Charlie's Rite* bio, *Bird*. Clint felt the attack on his work was unwarranted, Spike maintained his film was better. And it was.

Back to his ultra-serious, something has to be done about the state-of-affairs-and-we're-not-going-to-get anywhere-by-ignoring-it mode. Lee released *Jungle Fever* in 1991. The story of an interracial, extramarital romance, *Jungle Fever* also discussed the breakup of the African-American nuclear family and the drug problem in the black community. Though it created less controversy than *Do the Right Thing* in terms of content, Lee did his best to stir things up at awards time when *Jungle Fever* was ignored.

Malcolm X has been approached by Lucas as a turning point in his career. He has rightly pointed out that he has made so much public fuss over past attitudinal disappointments and present budget wrangling that everyone who has ever been even slightly annoyed by him will be waiting (hoping, praying, and chanting) for him to fuck up. I'd cross my fingers for him, but Spike Lee doesn't need my help of my chubby pink digits.

Enough supplication. In this month of vacation time, donated so kindly by an organized religion that has given us little else to celebrate, I command that you expand your mind and your tastes through cinematic endeavour of the observatory variety. Be it a foreign original, a Spike Lee film, or *Shogun*, *Star Wars*, go wild and keep an open mind.

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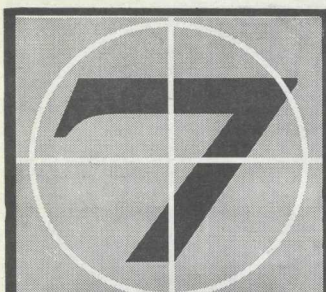


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BY GRANT LAWRENCE

Seasons Greetings, brats. Here is my Christmas gift to you, the reader, and the rocker. As of late, several folks have approached me wondering how to actually go about making and putting out a 7" single. It's actually a pretty simple and short process when you get right down to it. First, get your recorded material onto a DAT tape. Pick two or three songs that aren't too long in length—the shorter they are, the better the recording will sound. Once the songs are onto a DAT tape, you've got to get them mastered. Probably the best place in the world for mastering is K-Bias Mastering (6550 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA USA 99028 or phone 213-466-1323). It usually costs about \$50.00 (U.S.) per side.

There they'll ask you where to have it sent to be pressed into vinyl, tell 'em none other than **United Record Press** (453 Chestnut St., Nashville, Tennessee, USA 37203 or phone 615-259-9396). This place is probably the cheapest and nicest place to make 7" records today. 1,000 records will run you about \$400.00 (U.S.). You can't make records in Canada, period. However, you can make the covers at just about any print shop, and the little bags can be purchased by the thousand for dirt cheap at any packaging place. Merry Christmas, go to it!

revved with Victorian shit action to make it blaze hotter than ever before. Get this Bum record! (Lance Rock Records, 1223 College Drive, Nainaimo, B.C., V9R 5Z5)

The Kill Rock Stars label became real famous real quick after releasing the compilation of the same name featuring such ironic combos as Nirvana and the Melvins, plus local groups like Kevins and Mecca Normal. The Olympia-based label continues to roll, this time spitting out a single from **Unwound**. Not too much to say about this one: it's that avant garde, slow fudge-beat stuff, you know. The first song, "Catapult", gets up to a rockin' pace but it's a downhill, confusing and depressing mess from then on. (Kill Rock Stars, 1023 South Adams, Suite 418, Olympia, WA USA 98501)

How about this for a fresh idea...in promotion of their new album, *It's Low Beat Time*, Seattle's ever **Young Fresh Fellows** have released a promo single which they're selling for...one cent!!! And it is a very great single, indeed. The whole aura of the record is very 1950's. The A-side, "Stewed," is a viciously twingling instrumental while the B-side is a lovely ballad most reminiscent of songs like "Earth Angel" or "Lonely Boy." Lead singer Scott once told me the over lasagna in **Winnipeg**: "All the rock and roll songs have already been written." Funny, then, how Scott keeps coming up with such great ones... (PopLlama, P.O. Box 9364, Seattle, WA USA 98145-2364)

I've never been a huge fan of the **Cynics** but I've always respected them for keeping the torch that is rock and roll brightly burning in their part of the world: Pittsburgh, PA... These guys have been putting out garage rock records for a long time and have evolved from the fuzzy-folk garage of their earlier albums to their present **HEAVY** rock state. Just out is the single "Learn To Lose" which serves as an introduction to their new album of the same name. If this 7" is any indication at all of what the new record has in store it should be one rocking disc. Fuzz, screeching vocals, cowbells et al. (Get

Hip, P.O. Box 666, Canonsburg, PA USA 15317)

Thinking they'd be in the same genre, I thought I'd review the next 7" by **The Sanity Assassins** in procession with like-minded garage rockers. Wrong. The Sanity Assassins are some sort of crazed psychedelic trip, one which I will refrain from taking. The B-side of this three song EP starts out in the right direction but, overall, they lose me on the stale mushroom dream of the A-side. (Dionysus Records, P.O. Box 1975, Burbank, CA USA 91507)

Okay, try this record on for size, it's a compilation called **Bleeeeeauuuurrghhhh!** which features 41 bands and 64 songs!!! True, no joke, I listened to it! And it's actually some of the most hilarious shit I've heard in a while. The 41 bands seem to be from all over the place—Australia, Mexico, New Jersey—but most seem centered in California. Some of the song titles are just hysterical too: "Go Back To Seattle (and Get a Haircut)" by Napalm Breath, "Vomit Omlt!" by Splatterhead, and "Chirp Bird" by Mork Hotel. Just a sampling of the enthusiasm the pan-genie displayed on this mere 7" platter making a home for so many horrid bands! I can't believe this thing...whoops, gotta mention "You Know I'm Gonna" by Mouldart, (Slap of a Ham, P.O. Box 420843, San Francisco, CA USA 94142-0843)

Stepping back into reality, and Norway, but still laughing did write it if you will **The Tempo Toppers**. Yes, that's correct, straight-ahead rock and roll music. Lotsa shiny new titles are just hysterical (four altogether) played with mucho energy and excitement. What's funny is that you get to hear three songs from Norway try to sing in english: "Rock and Roll Guest-Art" (That's Entertainment, P.O. Box 858, Bergersborg, N-1501 Moss, Norway)

Also a good bet for money and musical value is **Screeching Weasel's** live song 7" **EP** entitled **Snappy Answers For Stupid Questions**. More of that very fast, mile-a-minute pop-kiss, a la the Descendents, to pump up a la the Descendents, to pump up a la the Descendents. "I don't Got A Problem With Her Uterus" is an instant hit. (Selfless Records, 8827 Hanford, Dallas, Texas USA 75243)

The last disc of the month is the latest from North Carolina's **Superechup**. Bashing, crashing, melodic alt-pop that is so ultra-popular on the college airwaves of today. "Mower" and "On The Mouth" are a couple of rocking songs, and the cover is just painting is beautiful. But I think I'll stick to the Tempo Toppers if it's okay with you in-the-know rock types (You know who you are, you bastards!) (Merge Records, P.O. Box 1235, Chapel Hill, NC USA 27514)

Have an absolutely fantastic, overwhelming, diabolically stupendous holiday season.

the cruel elephant

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here it is, the long version of all the poop for late november/early december, quite nice really, get a lot of cold shows and weird events that even i am not all that clear about what exactly is going to happen and i were, i'd still say the same thing, "do whatever you want, just don't wreck anything" and maybe "don't get any god on the monitors" depending on just what the heck it is that they get up to anyway. So let your imagination soar with the possibilities that lay on the shoulders of the brave women and men that will take to stage and show us all their crazy versions of rock'n'roll. yikes. dig this.....**thurs nov 19** touch and go/drag city recording artists **ROYAL TRUTH** with another damn superconductor side project **SIZZLE TEENS** and **BLAISE PASCAL** **frid nov 20** **SINNERS** **GOUGE** w/ from san francisco **LAWGAGWON** (last seen here with **NOXX**) w/ **LESTERS WAGON** w/ **CHARLES ON CHARLES** **sat nov 21** sub pop recording artists **REVEREND HORTON HEAT** w/ victor/bum/ **THE SWEATERS** in a cd release show **tues nov 24** **THE DISCO NIGHTMARE** CONTINUES STILL 70'S **11** STILL **HECK** **wed nov 25** local rock monsters **CAUSTIC THOUGHT** w/ **DOG EAT DOG** w/ **OMNIBOL** w/ **RED SUGAR** **thurs 26** political folk-rock from baltimore, on cargo records **DISAPPEAR** **frid 27** seen here with the indigo girls w/ guests **frid nov 27** san fran/ **BARB JAM** w/ **ELVIS LOVE CHILD** w/ calgary/ **ZEN** w/ **THE STRAITS** **sat 28** WHAT PART OF "NO FUN" DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND!!!! w/ the "cuddle core" of mini record artists **CUB** **DECEMBER!!!!** **tues dec 1** **DISCO** **MARCA** CONTINUOUS DISCO HITS from the 70'S **5** + **CHEAP SPECIALS** **wed 2** edmonton's **THE SMALLS** play songs from their new cd "TO EACH A ZONE" w/ edmonton's **IMAGINEERS** **fr 3** "as studios presents in honour of its cd compilation release of bands that have recorded there: **THE PASTIES**, **DOSE PUMP** and **ZOLTY CRACKER** **sub guests sat 5** way cool portland rock fest featuring sub pop's **SPRINKLER** with sub pop's **POND** and portland's **HAZEL** **hues 8** DISCO 70'S ONLY ORIGINAL VINYL ORIGINAL STARS **81** COVER **CHEAP SPECIALS** **wed 9** recording live for the legendary **SOUNDPROOF** to show featuring the original version of temple north recording artists **FACEPULPER** w/ **THE CHANGELING** w/ **THE TOUCHNGGOS** **thurs 10** texas hotel recording artists from texas **VIC CHESNETT** and **THE LITTLE SHARPIE** **frid 11** full band this time w/ **ZUMPAPO** featuring members of the rockin' rock miners, superconductor and glew w/ solo guitar guy **TM RAGINE** **frid 11** who knows who will play on them, the **SHINDIG** **frid 11** watch as the 3rd semi-finalists battle for prizes, gold and fame **sat 12** amphetheatre reptile recording artists from minneapolis **THE COWS** w/ cargo/headhunter recording artists from san diego **ROCKET** FROM THE CRYP! featuring members of Drive Like Jehu w/ calgary's **EL CAMINOS** **hues 15** that CRAZY DISCO STUFF TO BOOGIE ALL NIGHT **tue wed 16** it's like a world beat dance party **NOGMA** w/ guests **thurs 17** hi power **smashmouth** **frid 18** special musical guests! too cool to mention, a cargo/bangon/good bay hopp'nin' **frid 18** "CINEWORKS" independent filmmakers society are having a showing off event with musical guests **THE HOLLOWHEADS** and **MOTOR CYCLE** **sub guests and**, wait for it... films!!! come early for the Ricket. That's it! the next issue of disorder for stuff, but don't forget advance tickets will be available at our favourite record stores, for **ROCKETS** FROM THE CRYP! w/ **THE COWS** and **SPRINKLER** w/ **POND** and also for the **NEW YEAR'S** **EVE SHOW** that is promising to out do all other new year's shows lack for the super cheap hit at said shops, also we're having a punk rock food bank benefit on the 23rd of december, so save those cans of food up and bring them down, dig life babies, the cruel elephant loves...

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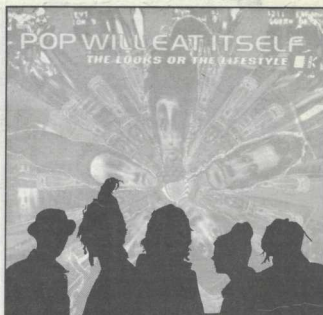
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DECEMBER



REAL LIVE ACTION

Sparkmarker Nappy Dogout Sunday, October 25

"Free your mind and your ass will follow" is spray-painted on one of the walls of the Nappy Dogout. It's there to get you in an open-minded and absorb your surroundings. And what surroundings! Holy Aytahol Crapamini! The Dogout is by far the coolest performance venue in Vancouver. It's everything I ever thought was cool for a place to jam: the barbed-wire suspended danger, skateboard ramps, hip graffiti, ultra-freaky 'rad, dude! To use another cliché language: IT IS THE ULTIMATE PLACE TO BE.

The place wasn't 'st' d'ought it would be, it was kinda crowded. There were a lotta teenagers. I think a lot of teenagers just hang out there and mess around. Sparkmarker was great. One word: power. But they weren't a wall of sound (as I was expecting), one could actually hear the tunes. This is that accurate but old Salsicid Tendencies came to mind, comparable by some to All or Pavement. They definitely do have the Southern California sound and, oh, Fugazi isn't that similar to 'em. The crowd was pretty insane.

Too bad 'uz Sparkmarker deserve the moshing. In fact the only people dancing were a couple of 5-year-olds hopping around their surf-punk monney. The only gape I have with the band is to mix the drums a little lower. I think the lead guitarist's voice is better 'n the lead singer's. But, all in all, a cool performance (particularly those thrash-rap songs). Liked it and I'll go to the Dogout again simply 'cuz of the way it looks. (Hell why not?)

Tripp

The Breeders Unrest Rage AG Rock candy Seattle, WA Monday, November 2

Hey, we were heading out on the highway, looking for adventure, and whatever Deal sister came our way. If you did not know, Kim (Praxis' bassist) and Kelly Deal are the identical twin sisters who form the core of the musical project known as the

Breeders. Up until this year, the Breeders' roster also included Tanya Donnelly (ex-Throwing Muses who has since left to pursue her own project, Belly). Oh, by the way, when crossing the border DO NOT say you are going to a rock concert, you'll only be asking for the custom officials to search your offices. Instead, tell them you are going to Seattle to see your favourite country and western act perform, i.e., the Saddlemen at the Lomlong.

Rage AG pounced onto the Rockcandy stage and belted out the now conventional mix of rap/hardcore/punk/dope shit. You could tell they were IN THE HOUSE because their attire was by X-Large (the Beasie Boys' clothing line) and their pants were 15-20 inches too big for them. Energetic, political lyrics with load, sometimes funky music. Rage AG were entertaining, with the highlight coming when the guitarist simulated DJ scratches with his guitar, needed!

Unrest, from Washington D.C., came on next and bored the entire audience. They were so successful in their mission that they only needed a half-hour to insure everyone was well refreshed for the Breeders and had no recollection of Unrest.

The Breeders came onto the stage and took their instruments. Actually, they took different instruments. The latest shake-up in the band has meant a change in who plays what within the band. This was bad, very bad. It made all of the members nervous and unsure of themselves, except for the drummer. In return, many in the audience schooled the Breeders' nervousness.

After the band "labored" through their first song, flaws and all, a pattern emerged for the rest of the night. Kelly Deal, lead guitarist and smoker, looked to Kim Deal, lead vocalist and guitarist, for musical help (meaning what she was supposed to be playing) while the Breeders' bassist looked alternately to the drummer and then to Kelly Deal in an effort to find out what she too should be playing. The concert was nonetheless enjoyable to watch. At one point, the rest of the band and the audience had to beg Kelly Deal to attempt one of the Breeders' classic tunes, she had ap-

parently practiced it so little she felt she could perform it. Before playing, Kelly crossed herself and looked upwards for musical inspiration/intervention.

Undoubtedly as the "new Breeders" get used to their instruments they will be able to match the excellence of their EP release. For now, it is enjoyable to watch their attempt, as long as you have their music at home to find out how the concert should have sounded.

Crissy

U2 Public Enemy The Supacubes Tuesday, November 3 B.C. Place Stadium

First off, I had a freebee for this show, there is no way I'd ever pay \$40 for any concert. Opposite the stage, lost somewhere in the red zone amongst thousands of drooling Bono fans, my view of a fucking overblown stage spanning across the stadium, and jutting out like the stage, was pitiable. Besides the 2 incredibly massive speakers and five video screens were 5 cars mounted on cranes for extra lighting. U2 is supposed to be a politically and environmentally aware group, so why the extravagance?

The Supacubes, from Iceland, opened up the event and played for a whopping half hour. They reminded me of the B52s, but I prefer Sings (Balderson, drummer) playing rhythmic styles. But all the while they played, the people around me booted the "boring" band. This pissed me off. They were good, all things considered, but they really didn't fit the granta type aesthetic.

After a short break, Public Enemy charged on stage. DISAPPOINTMENT: this rap group sucked. Between sucking and chasing around a person dressed as a KKK member, they kicked about the "fucking Canadian border" for not allowing Flavor Flav into the country (Take heed all whitebaters, B.I.). The S.W. swear even more annoying. I would have had a better time at a Zanzibar concert.

U2 finally came on stage to a rock reminiscent of that at a Beatles show, but they acted like Bono was God. The TV's simultaneously exploded into a technical frenzy of images and blurs. U2 played material from the *Joshua Tree*, *Rattle and Hum*, as well as *October*, and only took three tries to get the basic beat of "Pride" going. I left after the Bob Marley and Elvis covers.

Overall, this show was bloody overblown, overhyped, and overboring. Basically... sucked. If you had to see this show, you might as well have sat outside for free, because the sound was almost as good there as it is inside.

Svee Sjoberg

Testament
D.R.I.
New York Theatre
Wednesday, November 4
I've never experienced a poor show at the N.Y. Theatre, fortunately, D.R.I. allowed this streak to continue. D.R.I. got to play both old and new tunes in abundance as a result of

Testament's problems crossing the border. Although they haven't been heralded as a great live band, everything seemed to work for them that night. They were fully in sync, energetic and had this element of honesty that was truly refreshing; there were no attempts to be entertaining through false pretenses. They simply walked on stage, plugged in, and proceeded to kick some ass in the form of only a ten year old hardcore band could deliver. Kudos to their sound engineer for doing as little as possible on the board, yet keeping the quality high.

Testament played a set that started with an obvious attempt at showing off their new lead guitarist by playing tunes that once highlighted ex-lead guitarist Alex Skolnick. Unfortunately, from my balcony seat, these solos were inaudible. As I watched him solo, I noticed that wherein Skolnick would pick every note on a scale, this guy wouldn't... or couldn't. Their replacement in the drummer position, however, pulled off the set with more success considering he only had three days to learn the songs.

Testament are a very different band. Now, there's no great technique to watch and no coolies man in your face. They may consider harnessing the new talent they have rather than fighting the change 'cuz the conflict is really obvious.

Braden Zmo



David Yow of Jesus Lizard by Kai Korinh

Rein Sanction Windwalker Phleg Camp Cruel Elephant Thursday, November 5

Not a huge crowd on hand this night but there were enough people who had seen or heard of Toronto's Phleg Camp to make it seem that way. Reminiscent of another power trio of late, Crackerbath, Phleg Camp scored high on the diversity list, mixing hypnotic guitar rhythms with straight forward drums. Check

out their handful of seven inchers, including one for, Final Notice Records, for some quality Canadian talent.

Windwalker hit the stage next and kicked out some roots rock to a virtually non-existent crowd. "If only there was a halp pipe here," quipped bassist Anthony, "maybe they would have



Finally, the towering trio of Floridian known as Rein Sanction ambled up and served their homebrewed guitar music for the appreciative few. However, just like the weather in Florida, Rein Sanction's tunes become more repetitive and stifling as the night wears on. After hearing "Deep Falls," "Cred," "Deeper Road" and the fastest version of Hendrix's "Ain't No Tellin'", it was time to put on our jackets and face the miserable weather outside. When it rains, it pours, I guess.

Bryce Durn

Jesus Lizard Jon Spencer Blues Explosion Cruel Elephant Saturday, November 6

After having a beer in the classy atmosphere of the Bourbon St., my friend and I sprinted through the rain to the sold out show to find out that I was only on the guest for one and not two people. Feeling rather sheepish, I sent my friend back into the downpour and went in by myself. The Jon Spencer Blues Explosion was a few songs into its set and I instantly decided that I liked them. Jon used to be in Pussy Galore and, after listening to both bands as a comparison, I could definitely hear the connection. Their bluesy/rockabilly sound reminded me somewhat of the Cramps with a harder edge and a little more seriousness -- if only because I'm really the only thing in that vein that I've listened to. Great stuff.

The Jesus Lizard came on to a totally hyped capacity crowd. David Yow (singer) called up a bunch of white Canadian cowboys, or something like that, then finally shut up and the set commenced. The flood was pretty chaotic as slamming be-

gan to the thrashing, throbbing sound. (By the way, a big bravo goes out to the chick who punched the guy in the face for being a total idiot in the slam pit. Way to go!) Accordingly, Yow did not disappoint those who were expecting his usual sweating, staggering, slobbering, and generally drunken and fucked-up state. I was fairly impressed to see that he could control to sing even as he was writing on the floor trying to avoid being stomped upon.

All things considered, I can't say I was overly upset by being too far back from the stage, and too short to see, when Yow had his pants half-way down with his long-johns hanging off his profusely sweating, and rather hairy, body. Not, for that matter, when he showed the audience a scar on his ass; the result of an overly zealous doctor during a birth by Caesarean section. Overall, I did enjoy their set, as I have the other times I've seen them, despite the grossness of Yow and the fact that it seemed they played pretty much the same songs as when I saw them in June.

Tammy Vaughan

Yothu Yindi Town Pump

Tuesday, November 10
For starters, I totally fucked up on the showtime. After standing around for hours on many other occasions I showed up at the Pump at 10:30, missing the openers Dobb and Dumelia, not to mention the first couple of songs by Yothu Yindi. Shit! Plus I had to slink by the line up to cheezy my way in via the list.

Feeling like a complete loser, it took about thirty seconds for Yothu Yindi to raise my spirits. This eight piece Australian act surrounded the Pump with a unique blend of aboriginal music blended with folk, pop, and full-on rock. The sold out crowd was obviously familiar with this group, singing along with the chanters and singers, while Yothu Yindi alternated their worldbeat tunes with traditional Aborigine dances and vocals.

There were a few folks amongst the unusually well-behaved crowd, however. This couple that parked in front of me yapped constantly while sipping their little peach colers and dazing each other with tales of their trips to Australia. I felt like telling them to get the Kaibash on the travelogue, but I settled for moving to another perch.

This band sets itself apart from other world music bands with their variety of influences. For those unaccustomed to bands of new styles, it takes a while to get used to the differences that set this culture's music apart, and boredom may result. Yothu Yindi shot from a traditional Aborigine chant to a folk-based political song, to a soul-charged new, to a heavy rock song in as many songs! It was totally passionate, lively and long (almost two hours). Hope they come back soon.

Molo



MONTH

Anyway, enough of the boil. My point is, you gotta give gifts anyway, right? So, why not make said gifts unique? I mean *real* unique! Like a weird and wonderful record from the very same sources a dude like me shops! The benefits are numerous: first of all, you don't spend much; second if you can find that special truly twisted record that will elicit a hearty yuletide chuckle from the recipient (or at least an incredulous "what the fuck?!" you win. You can also pretend you scoured

Liquidators Flea Market, 1595 Kingsway—Smaller, cleaner and fewer hucksters than the above place, but watch out for the Scientology table. Be sure you get a Dianetics bumper sticker before you tell them to fuck off. **Hastings Secondhand Goods, 45**

It's OK To Say No (Kid Stuff)
Like I mentioned before, you're a parent who's just blown a whole year of imprinting your tot on avoiding strangers by plopping he/she/it on Santa's knee. Put 'em back on the right path with this playground pranks, crack dealers looking for pre-teen mules, plus a section on dealing with Catholic brothers, but I can only guess!

Pebbles and Bam-Bam Singing Songs of Christmas (Hanna-Barbera Records)
This one's going out to buddy and resident Phlinstone Phreak, Paul t. Brooks! The LP is as hilarious as you'd expect, and the baffling thing is why they felt they had to

I'm putting the choicest cuts on cassette. Just send me a paltry \$5 to cover costs and mailing and I'll ship it out to you. Drop a line c/o Mofu to the address on the masthead and I'll get it to you for Xmas. Have a good holiday, and remember, drink, drive, but not at the same time!

Hailed as the champions of the riot grrl movement, the media hype surrounding Bikini Kill, long before this record came out, has been phenomenal. Presumably, as a move to create some mystique surrounding the band, they began refusing all interviews and media appearances, spurning the likes of *Spin* magazine and others. Of course this worked, and their fame has spread far and wide. They (and the riot grrls) have been written about in the *L.A. Times*, *The New Yorker*, the *New York Times*

When I heard through the alternative rock grapevine that they cancelled their October 23 show in Bellingham (which I went down to see) for less than legitimate reasons—they were just being assholes, pulling a dumb rock star trip—I felt jilted. I have to admit, I set my mind against liking this record, but lo and behold I found that I set it aspin on my turntable again and again. While it may not be a legendary rock'n'roll classic (which I think people sort of expect, due to all the hype) this record is

Sara Lapsley

Punk rock has been dead a long time — actually, it only existed in the minds of Malcolm McLaren and EMI — but the forces that be will see to it that both of these albums are labelled with that overused and misconstrued moniker. That is a shame considering *Circa: Now and Plays Pretty For Baby* are two of the best **ROCK** albums of the year. Simply stated they are inspiring, unoriginal, riff-heavy releases tied by a common thread of influential sounds from the past with some intriguing use of horns. In both cases the breathy use of a saxophone or trumpet is, *discomot* but *flavour* the

Since the release of their first album, *3 Point Program To Destroy America*, a self-appointed "Soundtrack to Revolution," the Nation of Ulysses have tried to undermine the impressionable youth of America with their commandments for smashing the system. While proving themselves hypocritical in their anti-fascist beliefs, Nation of Ulysses have

Hailing from the North Carolina School of Hard Knocks, Rockett is fueling his chugga-chugga riffs with wit witnessed in "Hair Ball Alley," "Don't Darlene," "Short Lip Fuser," and "Sturdy Writ," that set the fingers to twitchin', the toes to tappin' and the estrogen/testosterone levels to peakin'. Far removed from a formula sound, he's not tied down by one either, RFTC is fly around the musical galaxy with a rockably-tinged pick-me-up ("Killy Kill") and a blue collar rocklore jab which ponders: "I betcha paid a lotta money for that haircut" ("Ditch Digger").

But the best way to sum up this album is through the slow and near jacking short change of *Circa: Now's opener*, "Short Lip Fuser": relive with me and you'll know what I mean: Imagine dodging through the high school halls after your 2:30 class on a Friday afternoon. Ahead is a sunny May weekend free of homework and full of romantic possibilities. You exit into the student parking lot to see an overpaid tow truck driver, with the crack of his ass showing, chaining the Japanese motorbike your parents bought you to his truck. Before you can cross the lot to find out that you were parked in a loading zone, the truck and its five occupants bounce over the speed bumps, scratch the paint on your Hurricane, and throw their cigarette butts out the window. All in a day's work for Rocket From The Crayp Towing Co. Ltd.

Paul T. Brooks

MUDHONEY

Piece of Cake (Reprise/Warner Bros.)

YOW! Yet another much-vaunted "alternative" combo makes a stab at the Glorious Pot of major label success! The anticipation is electric! Will they achieve multi-million dollar sales based on one catchy single and get hooked on smack like their Seattle pals. Or, will they join Helmet, Babes in Toyland, and soon, Hole, in the race to the delete bin?

Mudhoney fans will love this tuddy, mooshy pile of tunage. The Mudhoney sound that welluded up from their first EP, *Superfuzz Bigmuff*, is there in spades, raw and fleshy like a fresh floor bum. Added is the rough garagay feed of Egg Studios, where some of the finest albums of last year were made (like Olivellawn's *Sophomore Jinx* to name but one). Lots of neat noises come out of Mark Arm and Steve Turner's guitars, a resell of vintage '70s pedals, no doubt, and there are goofy short bits strewn between the songs to tickle your funnybone as well.

Although there are tons of memorable songs, like "Ritzville," "Suck You Dry," and "Living Wreck," but there are none that could be big singles. This is good and bad, because you won't be deluded with Mudhoney Fever like the "Teen Spirit" overkill earlier this year. However, the corporate snots in the big office will be pissed if they don't see the sales numbers, and Mudhoney may be dropped like a rock, like so many other great bands. Either way, buy it, it's a killer LP!!!

Mofu

BRIAN ENO

Nerve Net (Opal/Warner Bros.)

The Eno-man returns, and *Nerve Net* breaks Brian Eno's undeserved fall into relative obscurity. Sure, many know him as a producer (Talking Heads, U2), some have heard him as a once-once member of Roxy Music; didn't he make a bunch of muzaks for airports too?

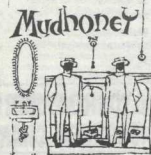
Before the airport muzaks (which aren't all that bad on CD), by

the way) Eno cut a couple of more accessible albums: *Here Come The Warm Jets* and *Taking Tiger Mountain By Storm*. *Nerve Net* is Eno's return to pre-ambient form.

Mr. Synthesizer Keyboard has created an album that although covers some familiar ground—the *My Life In The Bush of Ghosts*-like "Wire Shock"—also travels to the forefront of today's electro avant-garde jazz; for instance "Julu Space Jazz." "The Roll, The Choke" is reminiscent of "Babes On Fire" yet brought fully up to date. "All Click" is very danceable, etc. etc.

I could go on but let's put it this way, there's not a dud track on this disc; from the superb production by Eno with Markus Dravs, to the excellent musicianship of Eno's numerous guests: Robert Phipps, Benmont Tench, John Paul Jones, King Hastings Kwesi Barana, to name a few. Yes this band has real musicians and indeed real drummers, but don't take my word for it, check *Nerve Net* out for yourself. This is eclecticism at its best. And, oh yeah, play this one loud.

Norm Van Rassel



KENDRA SMITH

The Guild of Temporal Adventurers (Fiasco)

Available on CD and 10", in a very snappy fold-in cover, this is the latest from Kendra Smith, formerly of Opal and the Dream Syndicate. Fans of Opal's woozy beauty or This Mortal Coil will appreciate the charms of this very late-night record. A can cover ("She Brings the Rain"), languid tempos, harmonium drones, odd little interludes, and some frankly dry guitar effects are the background for Kendra's singing. Kendra sings, as always, as though she's the last one above the table at 4 a.m., wondering how much she'll get for all the emphyseas.

The songwriting is a lot plainer than, say, Opal's, but at least it isn't filled with annoying spot-the-quote games like (ex-Opal songwriter David Roback's) *Muzzy Star*. The recording itself strikes me as a little too clean, but that's a personal quibble, and won't scare off anyone who perked up at the mention of This Mortal Coil.

Mark Szabo

LAUREL AITKEN Rasta Man Power (ROIR)

No, Laurel Aitken hasn't grown deadlocks under his trademark

pork-pie hat; the album title is a misnomer. *Rasta Man Power*, aside from being the title of a 1979 hit, has very little to do with the 23 selections hand-picked by the Godfather of Ska himself. This is intended to be a greatest hits package and spans the years 1960 - 1990. The album also serves as a mini history lesson in the evolution of Jamaican music and its parallel development in the U.K.

Beginning with some early R&B singles cut for the Blue Beat label, this well-paced collection presents some of Aitken's excellent ska/bluebeat hits such as "Daniel Saw the Stone" and "Sweet Jamaica." As the ska era gave way to rocksteady, the godfather became known as Boss Skinhead and was a regular performer at London-area skinhead hangouts such as Toft's. As ska went through a revival in the U.K. in the late '70's, the former Godfather reclaimed his title as Mr. Bluebeat and has managed to sustain his popularity by having the occasional quirky hit, such as "Rude Boy Dream" and "Ringo the Gimp."

Laurel Aitken, even after 3.5 decades, has lost none of his fire. However, one glaring absence from this collection is the inclusion of any tracks recorded in 1963 with the Skatalites. I realize these tracks are available on the highly-recommended *Long Hot Summer* cassette album, also on ROIR, but the inclusion of "Lion of Judah," "Bad-Minded Woman" or "Freedom Train" would have highly complimented this otherwise worthwhile release. Hopefully, we won't have to wait another 30 years until Laurel Aitken brings on his next greatest-tracks compilation. Available on cassette only.

Mike Cherry

POP WILL EAT ITSELF The Look Or The Lifestyle (Bmg/Rca)

I can't make up my mind on this one. On one hand we have a strong, identifiable band sound that does not let up for the duration. Vestan Pance(?) has hit on a workable formula. Once you've heard P.W.E.I. you will always recognize their sound. Herein lies the problem: after a while it starts to get on your nerves a bit. Not that every track sounds like "Urban Fautism," starts off with some interesting sound effects, "I Was A Teenage Grandad" strays a little at times, and "Harry Dean Stanton" shuffles to a steady groove, but for the most part it's that familiar P.W.E.I. boom boom.

Of course one must keep in mind that the gents from the Black Country not far from Birmingham are most popular in the dance clubs. With a little ecstasy enhancement I'd probably flip for this disc. Sometimes that's all that it takes. Situations being as they are though, I'm inclined to give this offering from Pop Will Eat Itself a 5 out of a possible 10.

P.S. Adrian Sherwood fans might be interested in tracking down his remix of "Bulletproof" off this disc.

Norm Van Rassel

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CHARTS

DECEMBER 92 LONG GROOVES 50

1 BRIAN ENO	NERVE NET	WARNER
2 JACK FELLS FINE	CALL FEELS FINE	EGG
3 MUDHONEY	PEACE OF CAKE	REPRISE
4 CONSOLIDATED	PLAY MORE MUSIC	CAPITOL-NETWORK
5 EUGENIUS	COMALAMA	ATLANTIC
6 JESUS LIZARD	LIAR	CARGO- TOUCH & GO
7 LUNA	LUNAPARK	ELEKTRA
8 C. SCHULTZ	4. FILM TON	EXTREME
9 DUSKY CHAINSAW	ELEVENTEEN	ADM
10 THE NATION OF ULYSSES	PLAYS PRETTY FOR BABY	DISCORD
11 SONIC YOUTH	DIRTY	MCA-DGC
12 DRIP TANK	SLAKE	CARGO-HEADHUNTER
13 HOUSE OF PAIN	HOUSE OF PAIN	TOMMY BOY
14 MUSLIMGIZARD	ZUL'N	EXTREME
15 SNUFF	REACH	CARGO-HK
16 SUPERSUCKERS	THE SMOKE OF HELL	CARGO-SUB POP
17 BAD LIVERS	DELUSIONS OF BANJAN	QUARTER STICK
18 THE OFFSPRING	IGNITION	EPITAPH
19 PURE	PURIFICATION	REPRISE
20 SUGAR	COPPER BLUE	RYKOIDS
21 BOMB	HATE FED LOVE	REPRISE
22 DOWN BY LAW	BLUE	EPITAPH
23 VARIOUS	VANCOUVER AUDIO PROFILE	AURAL TRADITION
24 DR. ALBAN	ONE LOVE	BMG
25 NO USE FOR A NAME	DON'T MISS THE TRAIN	NEW RECORD ARCHIVES
26 SHREKBACK	SACRED CITY	WORLD DOMINATION
27 SLOPPY SECONDS	THE FIRST SEVEN INCHES	TAANG
28 VARIOUS	JUST SAY YES TO YESTERDAY	WARNER
29 DOGBONE	FLAN	CARGO-SHIMMY DISC
30 THE MORTALS	RITUAL DIMENSION OF SOUND	ESTRUS
31 NINE NINE NAILS	BROKEN	ATLANTIC

32 ROYAL TRUX	RAINCREATURE	DRAG CITY
33 VARIOUS	GREAT VILLAGE TRIP EP	KWAZZSONG
34 POLYPHEMUS	HEARTBEAT	PLACEBO
35 RYUCHI SAKAMOTO	POP UNDERGROUND CONVENTION	VIRGIN
36 VARIOUS	ALL GOOD CHILDREN	CARGO-HK
37 ALL GOOD CHILDREN	SLOW DUST EP	RAW ENERGY
38 BELLY	BOTTLENECK GUITAR TRENDSSETTERS	YAZOO
39 WELDON & ARNOLD	THE ORIGINAL CHATHAM JACK	CARGO-SUB POP
40 BILLY CHILDISH	PROPELLER	ROCKAFON
41 GUIDED BY VOICES	ROAD GORE	ROAD GORE
42 JERRY JORDY	PULL THE GOALIE	STONY PLAIN
43 JR. GONE WILD	BULBOUS & FRAGRANT	JUICE MONKEYS
44 JUICE MONKEYS	LUNACHICKS	SAFE HOUSE
45 LUNACHICKS	HUNG UP ON...	ALIAS
46 THE MAGNOJAS	JENKINS FARM	MEMORY DAY
47 MEMORY DAY	MARIPOSA	CARGO-SUB POP
48 REIN SANCTION	DISTURBO	EPIDEMIC
49 TRIGGER HAPPY	WHAT ELSE CAN WE DO	CAROLINE
50 WAX		

DECEMBER 92 SHORTIE GROOVES 35

1 BUM & SCOTT HENDERSON	BLOBS VOL. 3	WAY OUT
2 NIRVANA B/N POISON IDEA	"RETURN OF THE RAT"/"UP FRONT" 7"	T/Y
3 ERIC'S TRIP	"BELONG"/"RED HAIR GIRL" 7"	N I M
4 MECCA NORMAL	DOVETAIL 7"	K
5 ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT	4 SONGS 7"	SUB POP
6 TAR	"TEETERING"/"THE IN CROWD" 7"	TOUCH & GO
7 THE FLUCKERS	3 SONGS 7"	SUB POP
8 LUNG	"LITANY"/"TRUCK GENERATOR" 7"	SERIAL KILLER
9 CREEP	"NO PAIN"/"WORDS" 7"	SUB POP
10 THE CRUISADERS	CRUISADER'S THEME	SCRATCH
11 CIRCUS LUPUS	"POP MAN"/"PRESSURE POINT" 7"	DISCORD
12 DHANNA BUMS/CRACKERBUSH	3 SONGS 7"	T/Y
13 DRUNKS WITH GUNS	"SUPERSTAR" 7"	BAG O HAMMERS
14 KILL SYBIL	FAIRLANE 7"	EMPTY
15 RISE	"WHERE TO FIND"/"SUN CITY DREAMS" 7"	SUPERSONIC
16 SANTI ASSASSINS	"LITATURE"/"VAMPERS" 7"	T/RS
17 THE TRIP	"DROD" & "SQUEEZE" 7"	ESTRUS
18 SUPERSUCKERS	"HELL CITY, HELL"/"DEAD HOMEZ" 7"	SUB POP
19 THE WORST	5 SONGS 7"	INDEPENDANT
20 DA LENCH MOB	"GUERILLAS IN THE MIST" 12"	EAST WEST
21 KIDSENATION	"THE WEEKEND" 12"	NASTY MIX
22 PAW	"LOLITA"/"TONE MORE BOTTLE" 7"	NASTY HOPE
23 RANDI HELL SPAWN	4 SONGS EP 7"	WITCH
24 ROYAL TRUX	"RED TIGER"/"LAW MAN" 7"	DRAG CITY
25 TWEEDOCLES	THE GIAT EP 7"	SCRATCH
26 SKID AND WRONG	3 SONGS EP 7"	SCOTCH
27 FRAMPTON BROTHERS	"DO THE CHAIR"/"FURNITURE" 7"	ROGUS
28 TANNHOG	TRAIN SONGS 7"	BMG
29 GAS HUFFER	HOTCAKES 7"	SUB POP
30 GRAVEL	"AS FOR TOMORROW" 7"	ESTRUS
31 SAW TOOTH	"KINDA STANLEY" 7"	EN GUARD
32 BILLY CHILDISH	"BALLAD OF HOLLIS BROWN" 7"	SUB POP
33 THE PUTTERS	3 SONGS EP 7"	EMPTY
34 CRIMINAL MATION	"EXCUSE ME MR. OFFICER" 7"	NASTY MIX
35 DRONE	IF YOU CAN'T FUCK IT... 7"	INDEPENDANT

DECEMBER 92 SINGLE MAGNETIC PARTY CLOTHES

1 MEET DAISSY	"LITTLE ZEBRAS"
2 STAIN	"BEHIND THE WALL"
3 BLAISE PASCAL	"TURNSTILES"
4 SANDRA LOCKWOOD	"HAPPY"
5 32 TO BASE	"SOMETIMES I"
6 VICIOUS BARBS	"I LIVE IN A CAR"
7 HUEVOS RANCHEROS	"REPTILE"
8 SINUS ENVY	"TICKLE BOMBS"
9 DRAG THE RIVER	"DRAG THE RIVER"
10 BIDEAM	"BAD ART"
11 PLEASURE PRINCIPLE	"WHERE TO RUN"
12 PEANUT GALLERY	"H"
13 MOVIELAND	"RANT"
14 CHRIS HOUSTON	"TOXIC PSYCHOSES"
15 SEX WITH NIXON	"DRINK DEEP"
16 AGING YOUTH GANG	"I WANTED YOU"
17 SHE STOLE MY BEER	"THE GRINCH LIVES"
18 JACK FEELS FINE	"DANCE OF THE MOTH AND CANDLE"
19 CAUSTIC THOUGHT	"PLANET CLAIRE"
20 SHE	"SHE SAID"
21 KVP HARNESS	"MIRANDA"
22 ORBIT IN BLOOM	"PEACE IN THE AIR"
23 NGOMA	"EVERYBODY'S GOT SOME CULTURE"
24 CONTEMPT	"GRANDFATHER CLOCK"
25 GOAT BOY	"TIRED"
26 SHE	"20 SECOND FIX"
27 BLAISE PASCAL	"SUITCASES AND POSTCARDS"
28 MORTWYKE RANCH	"SHE STOLE MY HEART"
29 STROTTERS	"EDGE OF THE WORLD"
30 NENDIKS	"HAD TO GET AWAY"
31 PIGMENT VEHICLE	"I AM"
32 TERROR T	"NO MEANS NO"
33 MUTANT STARFISH	"MY DADDY WAS A MURDERIN' MAN"
34 LUNG	"NEW ZEALAND"
35 SAINTS AND POETS	"BETTER LIFE"

DO YOU REMEMBER ROCK'N'ROLL RADIO? DISORDER CHARTS 5 YEARS AGO

1 MARK STEWART & THE MAFIA	THIS IS STRANGER THAN LOVE	NUTE
2 SMITHS	STANGWAYS, HERE WE COME	WEA
3 54-40	SHOW ME	WFA
4 DUKES OF STRATOSPHERE	PSYCH PUNSPOT	VIRGIN
5 CABARET VOLTAIRE	CODE	CAPITOL
6 JAN WOBLE	ISLAND PARADISE	WOB
7 MARRS	PUMP UP THE VOLUME	4AD
8 HANK WILLIAMS	LOVE/SICK BLUES	POLYGRAM
9 GOOLEY & CREME	SNACK ATTACK	POLYGRAM
10 PUBLIC IMAGE LTD.	HAPPY?	VIRGIN

DIALIN' FOR CELEBRITIES

This month's "Dialing for Celebrities" takes an odd twist as old Excubus runs into a gentleman who we'll call Mr. X. What's so great about this guy, well where do we start...? There I was wandering through the lovely Metroltown shopping complex when Mr. X began speaking: "I am out to expose all of you, I know too much, they're after me, I will expose you!"

I looked at this ragged individual with awe because I knew that he was a political fugitive trapped in a system he once had the guts to change.

Excubus: Who's after you?

Mr. X: They are, the guys who want to kill me, because I know too much. Ozy Osbourne put cameras in my eyes and I am going to expose you.

Ya, brother, viva revolution, fear of a black

planet! Amagoddon! Carry me home!

Do you have a cigarette? Give me one!

I don't smoke.

I am going to expose you. I am Jesus Christ, you are all fucked, I am going to expose all of you.

Suddenly security arrived and asked him to leave. The 'man' had arrived to bring Mr. X down but he didn't give up as they man-handled him out of the mall; he screamed to expose them, using profanity not to offend the public but as an exclamation of frustration about this society we live in. One day, Mr. X, the masses will rise up and follow you and your friend Ozy Osbourne into a utopia where cigarettes are free and there are rivers of chocolate milk. Don't quit, expose us all!

I haven't seen Mr. X in at least two weeks. I hope he's okay.

Weeelllllllll, it's alternative fit time, you hardcore, no-posers-here, I-liked-Sonic-Youth-first-dye-my-hair-black-wanna-be-Peter-Murphy-Morrisey-kids. That's all of you...

1) Okay, you've dyed your hair black, now get a part of your body pierced that you cover with a swimsuit.

2) Adopt the attitude "I'm more alternative than you"...oops most of you have!

3) Get a tattoo of one of the following, depending on what alternative group you belong:

—Skull skate logo.
—Black Flag bars
—Thorns or a cross

—an anarchy symbol even if you know nothing about politics.
—the initials F.T.W.

Goodnight Kids, Goodnight Mr. X.

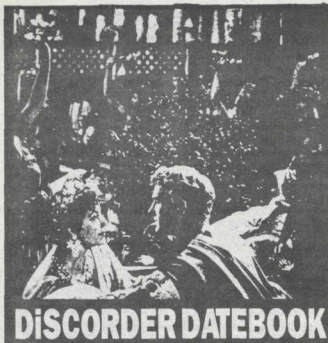
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FRI 21 Brain Jan, Elvis Love Child, Zen, Starboys at the Cruel Elephant... Culture Jacques at the Railway... Primal Orbit at the Glass Slipper... Linton Garner Trio at Hollywood North... Skydivers with Hard Rock Miners at the Commodore... Brooks Kennel at Piccadilly Pub... Guitar Shorty at the Yale... Curse of the Homovide installation closes at the Pitt Gallery... 12 Minutes: Guntard exhibition continues at Smith Gallery (until the 23rd)... Patrick Mahony's Spectacular Viewhome exhibition continues at the O' Gallery (until the 5th)... Where the Streams Become a River exhibition continues at the Vancouver Art Gallery (until the 3rd)... Edward Mybridge's Motion & Document / Sequence 1 time exhibition continues at Presentation House (until Dec 13th)... O'Brien & Shale Ayerent exhibition continues at Antelope (until the 19th)... Blast 'Em (7:30pm & 9:30pm) at the Ridge... Mighty Python's The Meaning of Life (8pm) and Honeymoon in Vegas (9:30pm) at UBC SUB Cinema... The Wall (8pm) at Pacific Cinematheque with Opening Night Reception (7:15pm)... Anne Morfitt's Reflections on Crooked Walking at the Arts Club Mainstage (until the 20th)... Lola MacLaughlin Danco's Eternal Return at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... The Belle of Amherst continues at Vancouver Little Theatre (until the 28th)... The Marriage of Bette and Boo continues at Studio 58 (until the 6th)... Agnes of God continues at Jericho Gym (until the 13th)...

SAT 28 Sloan with Norma Mob and BUM at the New York Theatre (7:30, all ages)... No Fun with cub at the Cruel Elephant... Culture Jacques at the Railway... Nurat Faten Ali Khan at the Queen Elizabeth Theatre (8:30pm)... Paul Doheny Ensemble at the Glass Slipper... Linton Garner Trio at Hollywood North... Joe Wexler Trio at the Town Pump... Kim Laif, Nigora, Ace Brassi & La Quena... Irish Cell at the WISE Hall... Guitar Shorty at the Yale... Irish Cell at the ANZA Club... Yousou N'Dour with the Super Stars Band at the Commodore... Noise Prom at with Dayton, Vintage TT & DJ George at the Pitt Gallery... Reggae Mullin Reunites at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (9pm)... Ani Difranco at the Backstage (Seattle)... Hand of Spirit exhibition closes at USC Fine Arts Gallery... Rhoda Rosenfeld's Dark Works 1988-1992 exhibition closes at the Contemporary Art Gallery... Personal Histories: Radical Transformations of the Documentary Format at Video In (1-4pm)... Blast 'Em (7:30pm & 9:30pm) at the Ridge... Mighty Python's The Meaning of Life (8pm) and Honeymoon in Vegas (9:30pm) at UBC SUB Cinema... Locked Up Time (7:30pm) and Friederichsrae Station, Berlin 1990 (8:15pm) at Pacific Cinematheque... Lola MacLaughlin Danco's Eternal Return at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre...

SUN 29 Mudhoney, Eugenius, Supersuckers at the Commodore... Dub Party Rotoberash with Snobrod videos, at UBC, skate demos, and live dub with the Snobroders at the Happy Dugout (all ages, 5pm)... Soup Dragons at 66 Street... Bruce Freedman Trio at the Glass Slipper... Tom Northcott with Lingo Sisters at the Vancouver Museum... Masterpiece Chamber Music: Baroque at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... The Chalice Choir at the Unitarian Church (949 E 49)... Lucinda Williams with Blue Rodeo at the Backstage (Seattle)... Thomas Ruff: Junge Leute exhibition closes at the Grosse Ischule... Personal Histories: Radical Transformations of the Documentary Format at Video In (1-4pm)... Blast 'Em (7:30pm & 9:30pm) at the Ridge... Mighty Python's The Meaning of Life (8pm) and Honeymoon in Vegas (9:30pm) at UBC SUB Cinema... November Days/November (7:15pm) and GDR... Unlocked (9:40pm) at Pacific Cinematheque... The Belle of Amherst closes at Vancouver Little Theatre...

MON 30 GTR Shindig with Darkest of the Hillsides Tricities, Movieland, Woo Woods at the Railway... Turnbested at the ANZA Club... Fernon, Greg Brown, Patrick Larkin at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Blast 'Em (7:30pm & 9:30pm) at the Ridge... A Small Piece of Germany (7:15pm) and In the Splendour of Happiness (9:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...

THE BLANK GENERATION



G. LUTHEMAN 12

the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Blast 'Em (7:30pm & 9:30pm) at the Ridge... A Small Piece of Germany (7:15pm) and In the Splendour of Happiness (9:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...

TUE 1 Veda Hill with Bones & Feathers at the Railway... Cruel 70s Disco at the Cruel Elephant... CBC Radio Young Composers Competition Finals at the Hotel Vancouver (5pm)... Megadeth with Suicidal Tendencies at the PNE Forum... Fernon, Greg Brown, Patrick Larkin at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Blue Rodeo with Lucinda Williams at the Commodore... David Campbell book launch at the Pitt Gallery... Blast 'Em (7:30pm & 9:30pm) at the Ridge... The Wall (7:30pm) and Leipzig in Autumn with the New Look of Wanditz (9:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...

WED 2 The Smells with Imagers and Confused? at the Cruel Elephant... Sue Leonard Band at the Railway... Kashtin at the Ophium... Tragically Hip at the PNE Forum... Tanya Tucker at the Cloverdale Agplex... Howard Nussli's Interface (part 2) exhibition opens at Access (until the 16th)... Blast 'Em (7:30pm & 9:30pm) at the Ridge... Tampopo (7pm) and Leningrad Cowboys Go America (9:30pm) at UBC SUB Cinema... Swedish Avant-garde Film: Programme One 1924-1969 (7:30pm) and Programme Two 1970-1990 (9:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...

THU 3 Wool with Wong and Tongues & Bones at the Cruel Elephant... Two Left Feet at the UBC Pit Pub (free)... Sue Leonard Band at the Railway... Connie Kador at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Skip Prest at Piccadilly Pub... Dave Alvin with the Steelheads at the Backstage (Seattle)... A Musical Accuracy: A Fiction at the Heart of Documentary lecture by Trith T'Minh at the UBC Museum of Anthropology (7:30pm)... Blast 'Em (7:30pm & 9:30pm) at the Ridge... Tampopo (7pm) and Leningrad Cowboys Go America (9:30pm) at UBC SUB Cinema... Frenzy with lecture presentation: Shari Graydon on "Violence Against Women in the Media and Frenzy" (7:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...

FRI 4 Coal with cub at Smash Gallery... The Nylons at the Commodore... Strange Angel at the Railway... Skits at the Glass Slipper... Leslie Spill Tree-O at the Town Pump... Connie Kador at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Skip Prest at Piccadilly Pub... La Guitermanne at Kelatino Neighborhood House (3235 W 7)... Tito Puente at the Backstage (Seattle)... 10,000 Celebrations art exhibition at the Pitt Gallery (until the 24th)... Husbands and Wives (7:30pm) and Manhattan (9:30pm) at the Ridge... Shoot for the Contents with in person: Trith T'Minh (7:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...

SAT 5 Sprinkler with Pond and Hazel at the Cruel Elephant... Strange Angel at the Railway... Robin Sher Quartet at the Glass Slipper... Leslie Spill Tree-O at the Town Pump... Connie Kador at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Country Dance at the WISE Hall... Festival de la Salsa '92 at the Commodore... Skip Prest at Piccadilly Pub... Guy Clark at the Backstage (Seattle)... Lorna Bornei Once Removed exhibition opens the Contemporary Art Gallery (until Jan 16th)... Husbands and Wives (7:30pm) and Manhattan (9:30pm) at the Ridge... Shoot for the Contents (7:30pm) and Surname Viet Given Name Nam (9:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...

SUN 6 Wood, Seed, Man at Nappy Dugout (6pm, all ages)... Sonic Boom! 6th Annual Festival of Composers at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Husbands and Wives (7:30pm) and Manhattan (9:30pm) at the Ridge... Surname Viet Given Name Nam (9:30pm) and Naked Spaces: Living In Round (9:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...

MON 7 GTR Shindig with Twitch, Brand New Unit, TBA at the Railway... Sonic Boom! 6th Annual Festival of Composers at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Bob Roberts (7:30pm) and The Player (9:30pm) at the Ridge... Ressemage (7:30pm) and Naked Spaces: Living In Round (9:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...

TUE 8 Harp Drow and the Bloodhounds at the Railway... Cruel 70s Disco at the Cruel Elephant... Vic Chesnut & His Little Sharpe with Terry Lee Hale at the Backstage (Seattle)... Close Games: Edgerton's Don't Let Them See You Coming exhibition opens at the O' Gallery (until the 23rd)... Bob Roberts (7:30pm) and The Player (9:30pm) at the Ridge... To Canada with Love and Some Misgivings (7:30pm, free) at Pacific Cinematheque...

WED 9 Facepunch with Changeling and Touch 'N' Gos at the Cruel Elephant... Harp Drow & the Bloodhounds at the Railway... Antonia and Jane (7:30pm) and Salmonberries (9:30pm) at the Ridge... Swedish Avant-garde Film: Programme One 1924-1969 (7:30pm) and Programme Two 1970-1990 (9:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...

THU 10 Vic Chesnut & His Little Sharpe with Zumpango at the Cruel Elephant... Fast Food Underground at the Railway... Fred Hersch Trio at the Glass Slipper... Cadillac Tramps at the Town Pump... Roy Koyok, Gerald Creech, Jan. Ismail poetry reading at the Vancouver Art Gallery (5pm, free)... Antonia and Jane (7:30pm) and Salmonberries (9:30pm) at the Ridge... Narrative Practices with Tess Payne at Video In (1-4pm)... Swedish Avant-garde Film: Programme Three: The Films of Gudrun Nelson (7:30pm) and Programme Four: The Films of Peter Weiss and Ole Hedman (9:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...

FRI 11 GTR Shindig! Grand Finals at the Cruel Elephant... Patrick Ball at the WISE Hall... Hard Rock Miners at the Railway... De Daniels at Hollywood North... Spirit of the West with The Waitons at the Commodore... Kiss, Cheap Trick, Tristar at the Coliseum...

North of Pittsburgh (7:15pm & 9:30pm) at the Ridge... Two Friends (7:30pm) and A Girl's Own Stories: Short Films by Jane Campion (9:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...

SAT 12 Hard Rock Miners at the Railway... De Daniels at Hollywood North... Spirit of the West with The Waitons at the Commodore (2:30pm all ages, Rpn licensed)... Christine Lavin at the Backstage (Seattle)... North of Pittsburgh (7:15pm & 9:30pm) at the Ridge... Writing with Narrative Forms with Tess Payne at Video In (1-4pm)... A Portuguese Farewell (7:30pm) and End Times (8:15) at Pacific Cinematheque...

SUN 13 Verbal Abuse, El Caminos, Peanut Gallery, Unsound at Nappy Dugout (5pm, all ages)... Vancouver Men's Chorus at the Hotel Vancouver... North of Pittsburgh (7:15pm & 9:30pm) at the Ridge... The Second Circle (7:15pm) and Days of the Eclipse (9:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...

MON 14 Touch 'N' Gos with Motor Cycle at the Railway... Vancouver Men's Chorus at the Hotel Vancouver... North of Pittsburgh (7:15pm & 9:30pm) at the Ridge... Family Viewing (7:30pm) and The Adjuster (8:15pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...

TUE 15 Feeding Like Butterflies at the Railway... Cruel 70s Disco at the Cruel Elephant... North of Pittsburgh (7:15pm & 9:30pm) at the Ridge...

WED 16 Soul Asylum, Lemonheads, Jayhawks at the Commodore... Jazzman Devils at the Railway... North of Pittsburgh (7:15pm & 9:30pm) at the Ridge... Young Soul Rebels (7:30pm) and Looking for Langston (9:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...

THU 17 Jazzman Devils at the Railway... North of Pittsburgh (7:15pm & 9:30pm) at the Ridge... Ariel (7:30pm) and Leningrad Cowboys Go America (9:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...

FRI 18 Alice in Chains, Screaming Trees, Gruntruck at 86 Street... Jazzman Devils at the Railway... The Squidwax Xmas Party at the Backstage (Seattle)... North of Pittsburgh (7:15pm & 9:30pm) at the Ridge... King Lear (7:30pm) and Poison (8:15pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...

SAT 19 Jazzman Devils at the Railway... North of Pittsburgh (7:15pm & 9:30pm) at the Ridge... The Element of Crime (7:30pm) and Escape to Japan (9:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...

SUN 20 Black Happy at Nappy Dugout (5pm, all ages)... Ministry, Helmet, Sepultura at the PNE Forum... North of Pittsburgh (7:15pm & 9:30pm) at the Ridge... Mela Noche (7:30pm) and My Own Private Idaho (9:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...

MON 21 Hum Buzz Thing CD release party at the Railway... Enchanted Pet (7:30pm) and Howards End (9:25pm) at the Ridge... Joe Doo (7:30pm) and Raise the Red Lantern (9:25pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...

TUE 22 Spirit of Christmas at the Railway... Cruel 70s Disco at the Cruel Elephant... Enchanted Pet (7:30pm) and Howards End (9:25pm) at the Ridge...

WED 23 Stealing Cones at the Railway... 12 Minutes: Guntard exhibition closes at Smash Gallery... Enchanted Pet (7:30pm) and Howards End (9:25pm) at the Ridge...

MON 28 G.I. Bears at the Railway...

SUN 29 Jimmy Roy's 5 Star Hillbilly Boys at the Railway...

WED 30 Jimmy Roy's 5 Star Hillbilly Boys at the Railway...

THU 31 Allen Ginsberg, Allen Watts & Steve Allen at the Backstage (Seattle)

VENUES VENUES VENUES VENUES VENUES

Access Gallery • 426-448 Seymour
Alma Street Cafe • 2505 Alma (at Broadway)
Artspeak Gallery • 493-3110 West Hastings
Cafe Bergman • 52 Powell (Gastown)
Cafe Django • 1184 Denman (at Davie)
Commodore Ballroom • 870 Granville (Granville Mall)
Contemporary Art Gallery • 555 Hamilton
Cruel Elephant • 23 West Cordova (Gastown)
86 Street • 7141 West 86th (at Enterprise Centre)
Glass Slipper • 185 East 11th Avenue (at Main)
Hollywood North • 856 Seymour
Isadora's • 1540 Old Bridge (Granville Island)
Latin Quarter 1305 Commercial Drive
Maximum Blues Pub • 1175 Granville (at Davie)
Nappy Dugout • 1248 Seymour (at Davie)
O' Gallery • 314 West Hastings
Paradise Cinema • 919 Granville (Granville Mall)
Park Theatre • 3440 Cambie
Piccadilly Pub • 630 West Pender
Pit Pub • 630 West Pender
Pitt Gallery • 317 West Hastings
Queen Elizabeth Theatre • Hamilton at Georgia
Railway Club • 579 Dunsmuir (at Seymour)
Ridge Cinema • 3131 Arbutus at 16th
Sandy Cove • 1541 Marine Drive, West Vancouver
Smash Gallery • 160 West Cordova (at Cambie)
Speedy O'Tubbs • Fairview, Bellinham
Starlight Cinema • 935 Denman
Town Pump • 66 Water Street (Gastown)
Vancouver East Cultural Centre • 1895 Venables
Varsity Theatre • 415 West 10th Avenue
Video In • 1102 Homer
Waterfront Theatre • 1405 Anderson (Granville Island)
Western Front • 303 East 8th Avenue
Wise Club • 1882 Adanac (at Victoria)
Yale • 1300 Granville (at Drake)



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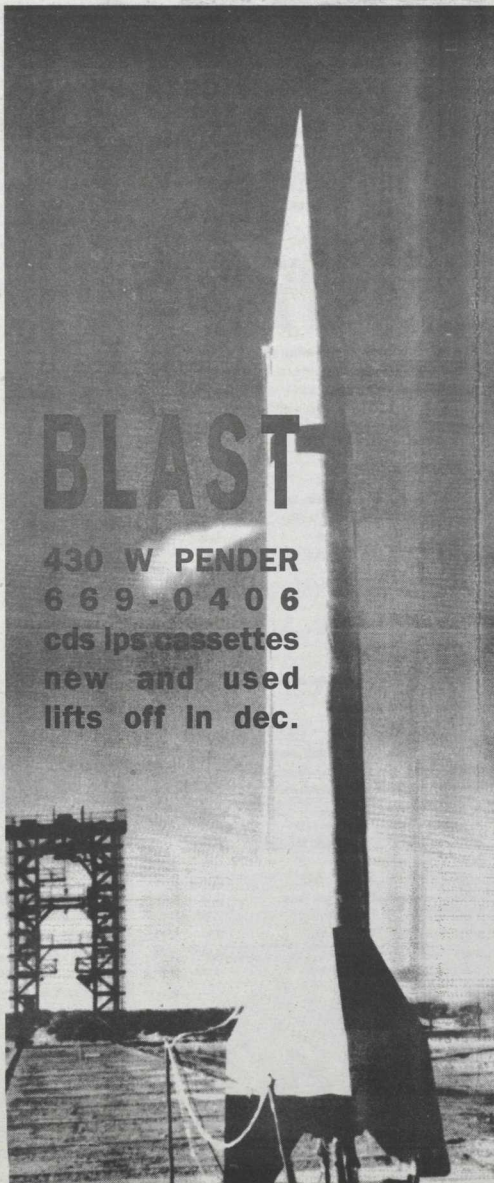
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